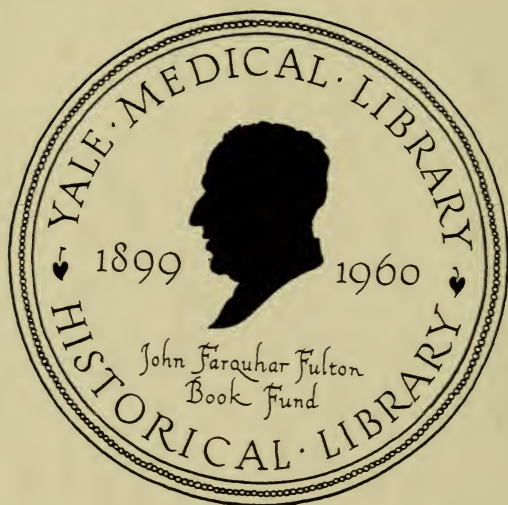
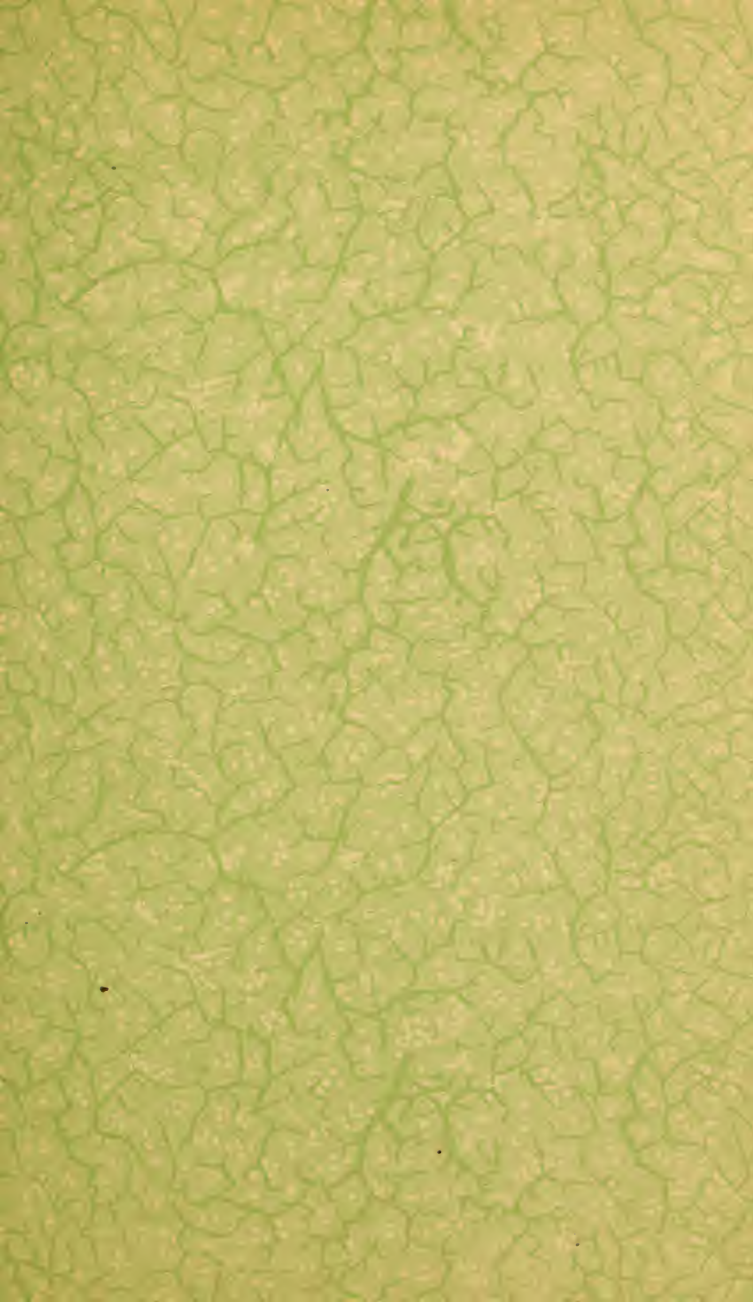


THE OLIVE
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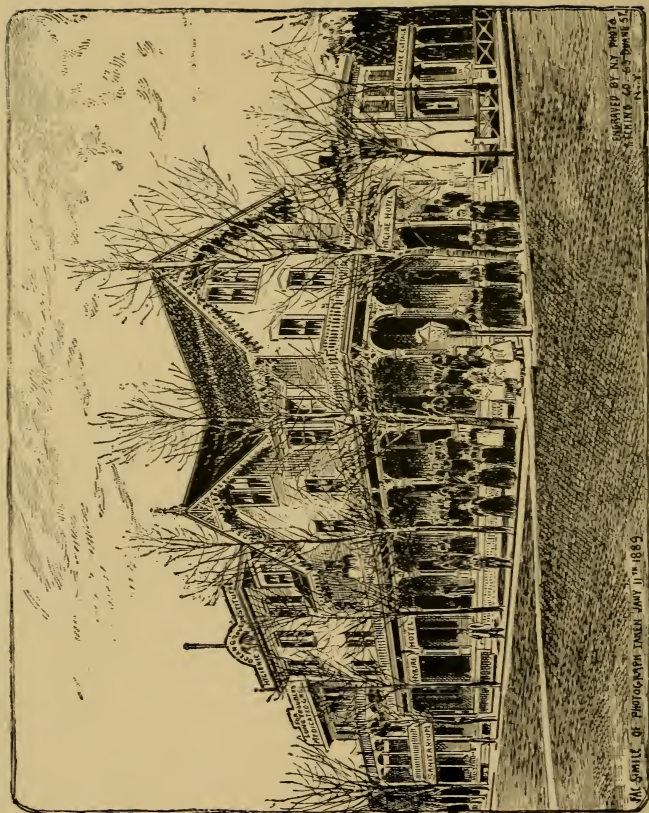








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THE OLIVE BRANCH

BY

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AUTHOR OF

*Fact and Fiction in Holy Writ, Two Thousand Miles Through the
Heart of Mexico, Inside the Gates, The Black
Horse and Carryall, etc.*

CONTAINING THE LATEST INFORMATION ON THE USE OF

ANÆSTHESIA IN LABOR

By DAVID MILLER BARR, M.D.

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Philadelphia, etc.*

"DISCIPULUS ET PRIORIS POSTERIOR DIES."

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

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TO
THE WOMEN OF AMERICA,
DAUGHTERS, SISTERS, WIVES, MOTHERS,
THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED,
WITH THE HOPE THAT THE CONSCIENTIOUS PERUSAL
OF ITS PAGES WILL SERVE A GOOD PURPOSE
IN THEIR LIVES AS WOMEN.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

Books good and evil—Important topic—Written to do good—Seeking and finding—The discovery—Nature full of wonders—Horrors of ancient surgery—The new age—Pain abolished—Ignorance not the mother of purity—Three important chapters—The two Gospels—"Prove all things"—Thank God for anæsthesia—No need for spasms of anguish 3

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN.

Theme of poets and philosophers—Restatement of old things—Topics of practical value better than "glittering generalities"—Man and woman variations of the same type—Each fills a place—Unity in diversity—"Mothering" the world—Openings for business—Maternal instincts—Their dignity—Woman in the front rank—Her love and stability of character—Solomon's pen-portrait of the perfect woman 11

CHAPTER III.

THE DAUGHTER.

The flower ornaments the garden—The daughter's place in the home—Her devotion—"Know thyself"—She thirsts for knowledge—Knowledge, evil and good—Mother's opportunity—The *confidante*—Serious talk—Guessing—

Evil associations—Strange weird land—False modesty—
What a girl's heart is made of—Guiding-star—Avoid ex-
tremes—Little confidences—Mother and boy—Father and
son—Chaste words—Freedom and restraint..... 23

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIFE.

Wifehood means motherhood—The denial—Childless old
people—Penalty of selfishness—The maiden's vision—
Cloud and sunshine—Perfect union—A strange light—
Bewitching glamour—Marriage-bells—Bliss or woe—
Sacred relation—New life—Risks—Sorrow—Cheating
nature—The account—Dread ordeal—Woman's heroism
—Wrecks on life's sea—New and better way—The dawn-
ing light..... 37

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTHER.

The holy mission—Noble spirits—Honors to motherhood in
ancient times—Nature's types—Struggles—Sad memories
—Young wife's dream—Crushed hopes—The curse of
Eden—Provision for its amelioration—The age of science
—God is not woman's enemy—Belated people—No need
of great suffering..... 53

CHAPTER VI.

THE BABE.

Reading this book "on the sly"—No harm done—Intelligent
instruction much needed—Takes the place of the vicious
sort—Expectations—A noble ambition—Slow growth
—Helplessness—Inheritances—Physical structure—Dis-
ease—Beauty—Disposition—Mother's duty—Sublime
pinnacle—"Marks"—"A little child shall lead them"
—"Encumbrances"—My little boy—They teach and help
us—What is a baby worth?..... 69

CONTENTS.

vii

CHAPTER VII.

THE RELIEF—ANÆSTHESIS.

Safer in labor than in surgery—Reasons given—Not proportionately used—Severity of induced pain—It is brief—Labor-pains, their nature—Continuance from two to fifty hours—Described in the Bible as “anguish”—True picture—Falls on delicate women—A safeguard against convulsions—Chloroform may be used—Not so safe—No harm from anæsthesia to the child—A perfect boon to woman—Intelligence, not prejudice, should rule here. 87

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KIND USED—THE INHALER.

Formula given—Does not produce anæmia of the brain—Nor arrest the action of the heart—Ether less powerful than chloroform—Dilutes it—Alcohol vapor a counter-stimulant—The combination meets safely every condition—Description of the inhaler. 107

CHAPTER IX.

HAPPY RESULTS IN PRACTICE.

Dr. D. M. Barr's long practice in Philadelphia—Woman's consciousness not lost—Knows all, but without pain—Does not retard nature—Favors it by relaxation—Results which may be looked for—While the mother is being led through Elysian fields a new life is ushered into being—A sense of refreshment—Many cases given to illustrate—Note particularly that of Mrs. X. 119

CHAPTER X.

AN OPEN LETTER, WITH SOME PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

Difference between use and abuse—All things belong to mankind—Weighed in the balance—Blood-letting, changes of opinion—Discarded theories—Editorial note—Lovers of

truth—Life or death—Poor logic—Comfort which God means woman to have, denied her—Scripture promises more than mere words—The merciful Lord—Her only real comfort anæsthesia—Simple and safe—Fifteen years of sad memory—Adam was put into a “deep sleep” when Eve was *born*—Charge of cowardice refuted—Doctors of medicine and doctors of divinity conservative—Appeal to the “common people”—Sad history of vaccination—Martyrs to science—A beautiful case of anæsthesia in spasms—A dear life saved. 139

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND INCIDENTS.

The grandeur of the medical profession—Nurses and nursing—Humor the children—Live and learn—Does Nature make mistakes?—A babe's griefs and ills—The children's hour. 157

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME.

Recollections—Home a sacred word—Nomadic races have no such word—The love-life—Home and family—Bible account—The family the unit of society—Divine principle—The lover—Government protection—What is home?—The House-band and weaver—Head and heart—Stern business—True and false basis—Flowers of Rome—Shadows—Poverty's heart-cry—Hill-top of cheerfulness—Brick walls and smoke—Pictures—Flowers—Music—Sunlight. 177

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

“ Truth is the most glorious thing ; the least filing of this gold is precious. Truth is ancient ; its gray hairs may make it venerable ; it comes from Him who is the Ancient of Days. There is not the least spot on truth’s surface ; it breathes nothing but sanctity.”—*Watson.*

“ Truth never studies appearances, error does ; truth is content with the form of a mustard-seed, error seeks all the pageantry that art can invent and wealth procure.”

—*Dr. Thomas.*

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

IN almost every age of the world the book has been invoked as a medium of communication to the public. A good book may be a great blessing to the world if it be read; in like manner a bad book may be a great curse.

This book presents a number of topics, which indeed do cluster about a particular theme, that of woman considered in her varied relations.

The importance of these several topics, in themselves, can scarcely be overestimated.

It has not been written and published to gratify curiosity hunters, nor to feed a prurient taste; and hence will not be advertised in a class of papers whose constituency lives on the lower plane of life. It was written, first of all, to do good. It seeks only pure eyes;

it appeals only to those who have the universal good at heart, of whom there are many.

The great Father has hidden away in nature many things which mankind may have for the asking—that is, the seeking. “Seek, and ye shall find.” The world does move, but sometimes the motion seems too slow; we become impatient; we forget that “one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day” (2 Pet. iii, 8). Providence does guide the world.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made by science was that of chloroform. Why did not the world know about it long ages ago? O, if it only had! What untold horrors and physical agonies might have been spared humanity! The history of surgery would have read differently if some sort of safe anæsthetic had been known.

One cannot read the account of the awful cuttings, burnings, and sawings of the times antedating this great discovery without a thrill of pain through very sympathy. But let the curtain drop; it is better not to think of it or write about it. Let us forget the past and press forward to better things.

Now we are living in a new age, when it is possible for amputations and other surgical operations to be painless, and for woman to pass through an ordeal which ninety-nine out of every one hundred dread beyond the power of words to express—the ordeal of childbirth—without agonies.

It cannot be explained away—it is a great fact in the life of the world. This volume, while it discusses some other questions concerning the relations of woman, has been prepared for the purpose of throwing light upon a subject of great importance to motherhood, and so to the whole world.

We have aimed at great plainness of speech, and have limited ourselves to purely practical topics. This is not a medical treatise, but a book for the people, especially women. It has been said that “a respectable, though diminishing class in the community maintain that nothing which relates exclusively to either sex should become the subject of popular instruction.” Such an opinion is radically erroneous. Ignorance is no more the mother of purity than she is of devotion.

We do not wish to appear vain or egotistic,

but we believe that the reading of what we have here presented will be helpful to the woman who will pause long enough to examine it.

Especially do we commend Chapters VII, VIII, and IX, in which alone we have verged on the medical part, and then only so far as to set forth a great principle in practice.

To abolish as much suffering as possible should be the aim of every one; soothe as many hearts, and calm as many spirits as you can. For this we write; and it is our desire to enlist as many people in the good work as may be possible.

Next to preaching the Gospel of the Nazarene we place the preaching of the *gospel of "anæsthesia in labor;"* and thousands who cannot do the one can do the other.

We ask the careful perusal of this book, begging that no one will hastily condemn it, but rather obey the injunction of the apostle of old: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

For ages the olive branch has been employed to symbolize peace. We speak of children as "olive branches;" and so we

christen our book, *The Olive Branch*. We propose to "practice what we preach," and hence shall not make war on people who do not wish to depart from the old methods; we propose to dispel the darkness by bringing in the light; thaw the ice by turning on the heat. We simply wish to teach a better way—that is all.

Our real object is to encourage the use of anæsthesia in labor as the surest way to alleviate human suffering. It is gratifying to know, and a matter of thanksgiving to God, that a kind providence has thus placed before us such a boon, and that the new being may come into the world without sending especially the young mother into spasms of anguish.





THE WOMAN.

“ If life’s insipid without mirth and love,
Let love and mirth insipid life improve.”

“ To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand, with smiles, unmurmuring by
And lighten half thy poverty ;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try ;
To these alone my thoughts aspire ;
More can I do ? Or thou require ?”—*Byron.*

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN.

MUCH has been said and written about woman. She has been the prolific theme of poets and philosophers in every age of the world. We, of course, have nothing new to offer on the subject.

If we were to make the attempt to write something that has never been said or written the failure might be ignominious. But then old truths will bear restating. A hint may be of service where a volume might fail.

It is not our purpose to scatter over the pages of this book mere "glittering generalities" about woman. Of her history and character we might offer much in both prose and poetry. No; we have much to say along practical lines which have a wide and important bearing. The world has made, and is making, very great advance in every direction, and it is due mainly to the philosophy in the saying of the old prophet: "For precept must be upon pre-

cept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little" (Isa. xxviii, 10).

Fully one half, if not more, of the world's population is made up of women—daughters, wives, mothers. She has an organization different from that of man; the divergence runs through the whole nature, physical, mental, and moral. Some one says that they are variations from one original plan—diversity in unity; all of which doubtless is true.

But it is equally true that she is his complement—he is hers. In some directions he is her superior, in others she is his. Man and woman are adjusted to each other; each has qualities special and peculiar; each is gifted for a particular life-work. They are in a sense

"Diverse as the billows,
But one as the sea."

When she attempts to take his place, or he hers, the plan of nature is interfered with. God's order is reversed.

Woman came after man, according to the Bible account of her origin; she came from the hand of her Creator to be his closest companion—to be his fellow-laborer and sufferer in

life. Eve was declared to be the "mother of all living;" her peculiar and special mission was then, and is yet, to be the mother of the world of all living humanity, and surely the world needs "mothering" perhaps more than it needs any thing else.

What a boon to humanity is sanctified womanhood! Ah, how well do we remember our dear mothers! What blessings they were to us!

Much is said about the "openings" before the women of this age for business—the many industrial avenues along which she may push her way, not only to a competent support, but to actual wealth—all of which is matter for thankfulness. To her is open the lecture platform on which she may advocate with eloquent tongue the reformatory movements of the times; there is work for the Master in the Churches, where she always has been a potent factor. Yet the great fact in her life is her womanhood; her very existence, in a general way, means wifedom and maternity. To this her woman-heart turns as naturally as the flower lifts its face toward the sun.

The little girl in your family by virtue of her

very instincts dresses and undresses her dolls, and plays with them, and carries on conversations with them by the hour. In all of this she is unconsciously making emphatic her real self—prophesying her natural future.

We sometimes hear the remark that all a girl thinks about is “getting married.” It is not so; but if it were it would be only carrying out God’s plan for her. This trait is there inborn, persistent; and in the heart of the true woman there is no desire so dominating as that of bearing in her arms her own child, “bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh;” and, furthermore, there is no height to which she may climb equal to this, no vocation, public or private, be it platform or pulpit or legislative hall, which compares with the dignity of motherhood.

It would be easy to multiply words and eulogize woman to the skies. As well deliver an oration to point out the benefit of the sun or the Mississippi River. They do not need it; it would be a waste of time. She does not need it.

We do not take the position so universally in her favor as not to see her at all angles of vision. The world has had some moral monsters among its women. She has at times been

the leader in awful conspiracies and crimes, and when bad she can be superlatively so. But we are not speaking of or to this class. It has been said that the average woman has always been better than the average man; perhaps the remark is true; but is it not true also that the average girl has been cared for and nurtured more watchfully than the average boy?

Let us not build our theory on a single case or two; if we do we shall see it vanish. No one can tell when looking into the face of a little child what its future will be; for life is full of temptations, and human nature is often weak where it should be strong.

It is noticeable in the myths and legends of nearly all the early races, which in their luxurious imaginings were framed to express their notions of divine things, that the Fates were always women. The priestess or seer was the interpreter of the oracle who, like the witch of Endor, had the power, as was believed, to summon from the grave the shades of the departed. History tells us how, in the times of the French Revolution, they shut up the churches, abolished God by a decree of the convention, and put up a woman in his stead.

We would simply ask, Why has she been so universally placed in the foreground and, at least as a symbol, been worshiped? We answer our own question by saying that it was because she represents on earth the divine principle of love, and love ever molds and fashions all things. "It is love's hand that guides the fortunes of the individual, the fate of nations, and the destinies of races."

"This deep, all-absorbing, single, wondrous love of woman," writes Dr. Napheys, "is something that man cannot understand. This sea of unfathomable depth is a mystery. The shallow mind sees of it nothing but the rippling waves, the unstable foam-crests dashing hither and thither, the playful ripples of the surface, and, blind to the still measureless waters beneath, calls woman capricious, uncertain—*Varium et mutabile*. But the thinker and seer, undeceived by such externals, knows that beneath this seeming change is stability unequaled in the stronger sex, a power of will to which man is a stranger; a devotion and purpose which strikes him with wonderful awe."

Sir Walter Scott wrote :

"O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

The last two lines were written, we presume, to heal the wound made by the first four.

"A warm, rich affection blesses the one who gives and the one who receives. Character develops under it as the plant beneath the sunlight. Happiness is an unknown word without it. Love and marriage are the only normal conditions of life ; without them both man and woman forever miss the best part of themselves. They suffer more ; they sin more ; they perish sooner ; science pronounces that love is a necessity."

"Love, pure love, true love, what can we say of it? The dream of youth, the cherished reminiscence of age ; celebrated in the songs of poets ; that which impels the warrior to his most daring deeds, which the inspired prophet chooses to typify the holiest sentiments, what new thing is it possible to say about it? Think for a moment on the history or the

literature of the world. Ask the naturalist to reveal the mysteries of life; let the mythologist explain the origin and meaning of all unrevealed religions; look within at the promptings of your own spirit, and this whole life of ours will appear to you as one grand *epithalamium*."

Madame de Stael, writing from a French stand-point, said: "Love is to man an episode, to woman it is the whole history of her life. One passion only sits enthroned in her bosom; one idol only is enshrined in her heart, knowing no rival, no successor, this passion is love."

No pen-portrait of the true woman can be found in any language which equals that contained in the last chapter of Proverbs: "A virtuous woman who can find? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant-ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and their task to her maidens. She considereth a field, and

buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable: her lamp goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle. She spreadeth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry; her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh linen garments and selleth them; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

THE DAUGHTER.

"O, thou child of many prayers,
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

.

"Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

.

"And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."—*Longfellow.*

CHAPTER III.

THE DAUGHTER.

A DAUGHTER in the home is a flower in a garden. But she may be more than merely ornamental; she is helpful when true-hearted, and is the pride of her father and mother.

But such is the way of the world that she is not viewed as a "constant quantity;" she may or may not tarry long. She has a future to make for herself, and aspires naturally and rightfully to an independent destiny. She may not love father and mother less, but some one else more. It is sad, but the law does not relent, she but carries out in her life what God has put into her nature.

According to the law of God, written in the Bible and expressed in nature, maternity is one great function of woman, and for this most holy mission her physical, intellectual, and moral constitutions have been designed. There are some cardinal facts in her life as

wife and mother which must not be overlooked by herself.

The inscription on an old Greek temple, "Know Thyself," was no more appropriate in the days of Aristotle than in these times of ours—no more appropriate to man than to woman, or to mature women than to girls. Your daughter, dear lady, is quiet and modest, but she is none the less thoughtful. She has instincts that are deep-rooted in her woman-nature, and she desires to know about herself—has a natural right to know about herself, and may get what passes for knowledge from some of the many ill-conceived, and frequently mischievous books and pamphlets addressed "to the married," written for the purpose of filling the pockets of charlatans with the hard-earned money of over credulous people.

How many an innocent and unsuspecting girl has sought in a clandestine way from this vicious class of publications the knowledge which she was entitled to possess, and which should have come to her from the purest source, the lips of a mother.

There are works, written by men of science,

that teach clearly the great and underlying principles of life, which cannot taint the purest soul and are within easy reach of all.

It is a duty every mother owes her daughter to place in her hands the wholesome, and so most likely exclude that which can only poison. She should not allow that daughter to step into the new sphere, that exalted plane—married life, without seeing to it that she does so understandingly.

Thousands have dragged through miserable lives, and not a few have gone down to premature graves for lack of correct knowledge of themselves.

Modesty has its legitimate place, but it should never be allowed to rule out of human life the instruction that every mother ought to be able in a sweet and confidential way to communicate to her child. Make a *confidante* of your daughter, and do it very early in her life. If so, you will in most cases supersede much of the wrong that may come to the dear girl's mind through other confidences, she gaining information in a way which may prove exceedingly dangerous.

Every young woman especially should be

made acquainted with the laws of her physical being and the nature of the duties for which she was created; to do so would be calculated to greatly lessen human suffering, and in the same ratio benefit the future wife and mother. Such subjects are not low and vulgar unless made so by coarse-minded persons, even though they concern *de secretes mulierum*; on the other hand, they are lofty and pure. The words spoken by a mother to her child along this line should be delivered with a religious seriousness and earnestness becoming the relation between them and in keeping with the very great importance involved. To preserve the health and prolong the life of the wife and mother is a consideration of great importance.

But many a much-beloved daughter is left to guess her way through the first years of her young womanhood—and we all know what guessing amounts to—or she “talks” with some girl companion who also guesses, and two guesses or three or a score do not equal one plain fact or truth spoken by a sensible mother. And, moreover, your daughter may fall into the hands of some one whose advice and opinions may be any thing but good, and the

fair maiden you love and would sacrifice your life for is left to grope about in the dark, seeking light and finding none, until in her own life-experience she gains in the end the knowledge she should have had in the beginning.

Does the reader recall the exquisite poem of Longfellow, the "Maiden," in which the transition period in her life is so delicately alluded to by the poet?

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,
Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse."

If ever girl needs a mother to guide, counsel, and defend, it is at that important, because turning, period in life when the maiden's feet first touch the borders of that, to her, strange, weird land called womanhood.

Begin in the beginning to put your very self into the heart and life of the child; if you do the task of later years will be easier and the work more enduring. But if the mother, through that false modesty so common, fails in this, her solemn duty, she may be sacrificing a life to a mere sentiment.

“Filial love,” writes one, “is of slow growth and must be fostered.” We think there is a good deal of truth in the sentiment, and, if so, then the mother should use the first years of her girl’s life, as well as that of her boy’s, to win confidence ; she should enter the little heart while it is yet open to her, and lodge herself firmly there and for all time. “For is it not the great object of life to be loved by those we love ? May it not be said to be the only one which is worthy of constant effort ? To gain your child’s love is to gather treasures of happiness. As time goes on each year narrows your own life, diminishes the circle of your worldly interests ; and as you grow away from what occupied you most in early life, and you have less of mind, you may have more of heart. Nothing is so essential as love in old age.”

The relation which a mother sustains to her daughter is necessarily close, for she was once a girl herself ; she knows what a girl’s heart is made of, where a girl’s thoughts are liable to run, how a girl’s emotions may shape her life, how a thoughtless bit of imprudence may put in jeopardy her health as well as her moral reputation. She may be as pure as the morn-

ing dews, as innocent as innocence itself, but she does not know the world as her mother knows it, for she is only a girl; she is unsuspecting; she has faith in people which ripper years may shake, and so may easily become the victim of design and be made to suffer.

Let the mother fail in winning the confidence of her child fully and some other person may usurp the place she might have held.

Every young girl will seek knowledge and companionship, we have elsewhere stated. She will form attachments among her own sex in her girl-life, and exchange confidences with those whose society in later years she would not court; she may find her heart full of bitter regrets when it is too late.

A girl left without the guiding-star of an intelligent mother's counsel will ever be liable to form wild, romantic ideas of life, live in the unreal, and so find life when it comes a disappointment.

Avoid extremes, be careful not to overdo; remember the motto, *in media res*; deal in essentials, in well established principles and sober facts. Be plain in speech, plain enough to be understood.

As the rising mist may partially obscure a beautiful landscape, so mere hints and half-truths may leave in the mind of your child vagueness and confusion where every thing should be as clear as day.

It is not necessary for you to fill the mind of your daughter with details which belong only to yourself.

No less important is it for a mother to answer, with a prudence suggested by her instincts, the questions of her boy, and thus give direction to his young life which will go with him always.

Not long ago we read this from a very intelligent mother : " Establishing little confidences and mysteries like this between a child and its mother must lead to a feeling of sweet intimacy between them which will be perfectly invaluable in the child's future education. A boy who feels that he can speak with his mother of the mysteries of nature, and always get a clear and pure explanation of every thing which a boy can be allowed to know, is not likely to satisfy his curiosity through the impure conversation of his companions. I once heard of a young man saying that he thought

he owed his immunity from the temptations of youth mainly to the fact that his mother had talked to him at a very early age upon subjects which most mothers would shrink from touching upon with their boys. Her pure explanations of facts which might otherwise have come to the boy impurely had left an indelible impression which was never afterward effaced. Of course a mother's own mind must be pure before she can communicate purity to the mind of her children."

If any father's eye falls on this page let him pause and ask himself the question, What do I owe my growing boy?

He had, at least in part, his existence from me; have I no part in shaping that existence? Have I no responsibilities for what he may or what he may not be in the life he is living? Fathers, begin early to make companions of your boys. "Learn the delightful art," says one, "of amusing your child. Your heart will gain its sweetest emotions in the practice, and the mind its best stimulus."

We once knew of a gentleman, a plain farmer at that, who had a number of sons all young in years. But the man himself was

noted all through the neighborhood for his good sense and moral uprightness. He was the surveyor whose skill in the use of the compass and chain determined the farm boundaries, and thus he was often a peace-maker between belligerent land-owners. He wrote the wills, made out deeds when property changed hands, was chief arbitrator in local disputes. He was looked up to as a very wise man. His boys, too, were regarded as manly almost beyond their years. Well, Mr. H—— was in the habit of calling around him these sons when any special work was to be done, and counseling with them as if they were men ; it did serve somewhat to make men of them.

The most delicate subjects, remember, can be treated by intelligent mothers, and fathers, too, with entire freedom, and yet in language most chaste. Instill into the mind of your child by your own diction a love for the pure and good, and thus create an abhorrence for any and every thing coarse and obscene. We have but to look back to our own childhood days to know what our pure-minded children are exposed to to-day, no matter how carefully we guard them. But it is possible

so to fill them with the pure and the good in thought, sentiment, and word that they will instinctively turn away from the vulgarity which will be certain to confront them almost every-where in life.

On the continent of Europe girls have far less freedom than here in America. It is very likely that while parents and guardians there go to one extreme of espionage, we swing to the other. There the girls are shut up in convents and seminaries, and are kept strictly under the guard of some person. In Spain it is the *duenna*, in France the *chaperon*, in Germany some one who answers to the same office. The girl cannot go anywhere excepting as she is accompanied by mother, aunt, cousin, or some other relative who makes it her business to be a witness to every interview which a young lady may have with an admirer.

A young man never dreams of walking out with her, taking her out to drive, or seeing her alone anywhere. If he does invite her company for a walk or a drive the invitation, as a matter of course, is understood to include the aunt, cousin, or other relative.

With us it is different. Our girls have the

utmost personal liberty, and while in some instances it may be too large, yet there is a value in the sense of self-reliance which it fosters.

Every mother must be her own judge of the proprieties of life. She needs to guard the daughter without undermining her self-respect or weakening her power of self-protection.

THE WIFE.

"Of earthly good the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of life."—*Simonides*.

"A strange new life was in her breast;
Her eyes were full of wondrous dreams;
She sailed all whiles from crest to crest
Of a broad ocean, through whose gleams
She saw an island wrapped in rest!

"And as she drove across the sea,
Toward the fair port that fixed her gaze,
Her life was like a rosary
Whose slowly-counted beads were days
Of prayer for one that ought to be."—*Dr. Holland*.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIFE.

WE have a few words to offer on this relation of woman. We see in it a connecting link between the woman and the mother; all are included in the one general idea. The wife may not be a mother. She may, from perverted notions of life, from the love of selfish ease, or from devotion to society, be averse to it, or from her age, or from some other reason hidden away in the secrecy of nature, she may not reach this lofty pinnacle, ever to her profound sorrow. A childless wife is to be commiserated.

It is a pitiable sight to look upon two old people, sitting in their easy-chairs as the sun of life approaches the western horizon, simply waiting for the "change that cometh," with no child or children to think of them or cheer, with their presence or comforting words and loving deeds, their declining years.

It is not always so, but sometimes it is the

penalty enacted for selfishness in early life. But when such denials come providentially, and the boon of posterity is withheld, it must be for some purpose beyond the ken of mortals.

The average girl the world over looks forward, as she steps into the realm of womanhood, to marriage and a home of her own. Why should she not foster such an expectation when her whole being is planned for it? Nothing but a spurious delicacy or our ignorance can prevent our full recognition of the fact that love looks to marriage and marriage to offspring as a natural and heaven-appointed consequence. All this comes into the life of woman—prospectively into the life of the young woman.

Every girl is intelligent enough to know what it means when the marriage rite is solemnized and she steps into the arena of wifehood. She does not know it all; she sees it under the enchantment of distance—sees the bright side, the romantic side of it, and lives in fond expectations of the perfect realization of innumerable dreams—sees the picture painted by her innocent girlish fancy. There

are realities awaiting her, cares, burdens, clouds, alas ! incident to life which even marriage, however blissful, cannot avert ; but these only serve, when rightly received, to make the heart strong, the love deeper and purer. It is then and under these conditions that love has its greatest proof, and thus is evermore enriched. A happy marriage—a perfect union, they twain one flesh—is the type of the independent complete being. Without the other either is defective. “ Marriage,” said Napoleon, “ is strictly indispensable to happiness.”

There falls upon her pathway some day, and possibly when least expected, a light—a presence. She sees in the eye of some young man a peculiar luster, a luster only born of love. Her womanly instinct interprets it at once. She feels the beating of a warm heart keeping time with her own heart-throbs ; she is wonderfully restful in that avowed affection and proffered hand.

The days pass ; the months creep away too tardily. She is spending these times in the bewitching glamour of a sacred engagement ; only one thought fills the mind, only one aim of life now animates her soul ; all her interest

centers in and about the one she tenderly calls her own, her choice out of all the world's millions of men.

By and by the marriage-bells peal out their joyful tones; there is a wedding; two hearts are solemnly welded into one by the holiest of ministries. Friends come with best wishes; congratulations are showered upon them; presents are given, the bridal trip is taken, and the bark is launched upon the great sea of matrimonial life, to enjoy the calm, to struggle with the blasts, to reach some happy port in the far-away or sink into the abyss—which?

But here and now a new plane is reached by this woman. What does this all mean? We reply, the most sacred and important of all human relations. It is of God, and is in accordance with his law, for has he not written: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him. . . . Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh" (Gen. ii, 18, 24). All this means more than mere companionship, more than simple pleasure; it means *new life*; but that implies risk, sorrow, sickness, self-denial, depri-

vation to some extent, loss of general society, etc. And what now, in view of all these facts, occurs with startling frequency? There is a study of how to escape these dreaded conditions—not dreadful conditions—these responsibilities, cares, and self-denials. Nature is cheated, God's laws are violated; but that is not all; charlatans are invoked to bring relief, and the life that might be—ought to be—so precious and joy-giving is sacrificed, lost forever to the great world. Nor is this the whole story. The charge of murder sometimes lies at the door of these selfish people. O, what a fearful revelation will be made in the great day of accounts! Back yonder in Eden the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" Will he not say to many a man and woman, Where is thy child?

What if the fathers and mothers of thousands of the world's great men and women had resorted to the despicable arts of the ghouls that for money prey on society even in high places—what would the world have lost? O, beware how you lay hands on God's anointed!

And yet, after all, it is not much to be wondered at that the delicately reared maiden

should naturally shrink back from the ordeal through which she knows she must pass as a wife, unless nature fails in her laws, or unless she resorts to the misdirected skill of modern times. She is conscious all the while of the dread in her heart of motherhood, but love rules there, and so she surrenders to her fate. Perhaps some old-timer, who will live nowhere but in the past, who believes that God is angry with all the women of the world for that one act of Eve, comes to her, saying :

“ Bear up ! for patience must endure ;
And soothe the woes it cannot cure ; ”

“ this is God’s way, and you must submit.” She reasons that it is not so bad as people have said ; if others have endured the trial she can, and she will ; that is noble, that is heroic. Her mother instincts rise like a tide above all the dark forebodings, and so she awaits the coming day of her deliverance, but waits with a feeling of dread she but illy conceals.

It is not an uncommon thing for the young expectant mother to make plans for the disposition of her effects in case she does not safely pass the crucial point. Now, we all know that the deaths from this cause are few in com-

parison with the myriads of births that occur. Nature does indeed lend her support to woman in this great trial, and the ordeal is generally passed in safety so far as life itself is concerned ; but it is at the cost of a wonderful draught on her vitality. Many thousands of bright and promising girls have succumbed to this strain, and ever afterward the face has worn a peculiar pallor ; the rose has faded from the cheek ; the system has suffered from some impairment, and often it is so great as seriously to affect life.

“ Deep grief dejects and wrings the tortured soul.”

Then the vow is taken that no more will she allow herself to undergo the strain incident to childbirth. Not very long ago a gentleman of our acquaintance, a man of ample fortune, said to us after the confinement of his wife with her third child, that under no circumstances would he ever again be willing to see her pass through such a trial. Her labor had continued through about two days in the old-fashioned way. Anæsthesia was not used. It is not strange that he felt as he did, for thousands feel the same way, though they may not be willing to confess it. Woman often suffers in

silence. She feels she must. Of many a one it may be said :

“With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,
And not a groan confessed her burning heart.”

We say that it is not at all to save women from death in childbirth that we present the claims of anæsthesia, though it may save many, but from so much needless suffering.

It is not to be wondered at that under some circumstances a babe is not wanted. It, poor little creature, is not to blame for its existence ; it does not mean to lay burdens on any body or cast a shadow in any household with its presence. If it but knew of the unwelcome awaiting it by those who gave it being, it would hie away to the land of sunshine, where the arms of the good Shepherd fold such in tenderness.

The advent of a babe in many a home is looked forward to with feelings of “genuine horror,” as expressed in the following extract from *Babyhood Magazine* :

“Is not the cause of the ceaseless worry and annoyance and unhappiness which are so often met with in rearing children, and the dread and dislike some women have for children, due somewhat to heredity?

“I have in mind a family of five children which illustrates my thought perfectly. The mother was not long a happy wife. She was poorly provided for from the beginning, but was young and hopeful. Before the first baby's birth, however, she had learned the true character of her reckless and cruel husband. When her second little girl came she had very little with which to help herself, and as the years went by there was less and less. Every garment that could possibly be used was cut up for the children, and at last she was reduced to one calico dress, and when that was worn through to the lining it was replaced by one given her by a neighbor. There was nothing in the house at times to eat, and every few weeks she was left alone to provide for herself. No wonder that each little one was anticipated with genuine horror! No wonder that that horror is stamped upon the heart of every one of the living children! Seven came in that unfortunate union. Two were taken away. All the remaining five are prosperous men and women to-day; but all have a nervous dread of small children, and in two cases an honest, unconquerable dislike.”

But even in the midst of heart-crushing surroundings such as these, if only grace can be summoned from on high to lift the spirit up and keep the mind in as peaceful a state as possible, the reward will come in sweet-tempered children all the more easily taken care of. We have in mind an instance where the expected arrival of a fifth child was a matter of distress to the mother. She felt that she could not endure the suffering to which she felt herself doomed by this event. But the little fellow had set out on his journey, and in due time made his appearance on the scene. But how is it to-day? That mother is in good health, and that babe, now a young man far up in his teens, is her pride; he is the most helpful and, in some ways, the most promising of all her children—industrious, economical, thoughtful of her—and it would not be strange if some day in the hereafter under his own roof that dear mother should spend her last days amid peace and plenty. Remember the lines in Cowper's hymn:

“The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and may break
With blessings on your head.”

So when the inevitable does come, as it surely will, dear reader, though your heart may be so full of anguish at what you may unrighteously deem a misfortune, that you are ready to die, especially if the one you call husband is neglectful, or heartless, or is a drunkard, yet, though on the verge of despair, you can look away to Him who hath said, "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock" (Psa. xxvii, 5). Ah! there is much in many a life which makes the mother dread the coming of each little one. But still is there not a way by which mothers may give to their sons and daughters cheerful hearts and a love for the little creatures that must come to them in the course of time? Then, while our boys and girls are growing into manhood and womanhood, is there not ample opportunity for teaching them that a baby is the crowning blessing of a life, and giving them every possible means of learning the ways of babies, and the care also, so that when the time comes the helplessness may not increase the dislike? "Some years ago, while visiting a friend,"

writes one, "who had an eight months' old babe, and, offering to hold it, I was greatly surprised to hear her say, 'Do not feel obliged to hold that baby; I never liked babies when I was a girl, and I don't expect any one to like mine!' The same woman said when she was the mother of three little ones that even then she did not know of six children in the world besides her own that she could endure to have come near her. What effect upon the nature of her two girls and little boy will such a feeling, harbored all these years, have?"

Thank God for the discoveries of science. Science is helping the world in every sphere of life; it increases manifold the store of the world's comfort, and greatly augments the power of man; with its aid one becomes the equal of many under the old *régime*. Here it may almost be said, that "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

We boast of this age as an age of science; we write books about it, and well we may, for it is wonderful; we hear so much about electricity, telephones, dynamite, and what not? Why not hold a general thanksgiving on behalf of universal womanhood that science has,

after these thousands of years, come to the relief of the wife's heart, taking away the dread of childbirth?

Under this method no woman needs to have any fear or dread, nor need she suffer any serious pain of travail or inconvenience. The long, dark night has really passed; the light has dawned. Anæsthesia is the Revelation of science to woman.

If sin has caused the sorrows and sufferings of humanity, according to the account of the fall recorded in the Book of Genesis, it is certainly in the heart of our heavenly Father to forgive sin, else he is not a father. Mercy does at any rate shed a radiance over justice, and so in the provisions of nature—and nature is but an expression of God's thought, his laws formulated, there is an antidote, a beautiful side to it all. Good is every-where, and God is every-where; the dew-drop as much as the planet in space tells of God.

“Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which nature witnessed when she gave us tears.”

Why should any body, physician or layman, stand out against this harmless effort to save womankind from sufferings that are nowhere

else paralleled? That many do oppose this method on one pretext and another we know; but why? Let him answer who can or will. The use of anæsthesia in labor is no more of a risk than in surgery, and there its use is constant, even in minor operations, such as the amputation of a finger or extracting a tooth, the subject possibly a strong man. There may be solitary instances, and they are not numerous, where the cultured physician will see it best from scientific grounds not to use it; he can be trusted for this. But in every case, unless it be clearly and strongly contra-indicated, let the mother have the benefit of that which will relieve her of the sufferings and perils of maternity. Long experience by some very eminent physicians goes to show that even in cases where it might seem to be injurious it is found not to be. This is clearly stated in Chapters VII, VIII, and IX, by Dr. D. M. Barr, to which the reader is referred.

THE MOTHER.

"There is not a property in nature but a mind is born to seek and find it. For it is not the plants or the animals, innumerable as they are, nor the whole magazine of material nature that can give the sum of power, but the infinite applicability of these things in the hands of thinking man; every new application being equivalent to a new material."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"The scientific world as a whole will never abandon a position because denounced by the theological world—not even because it seems to be in conflict with sound theology. Scientific evidence is of such a nature as always to command the respect and the assent of the bulk of reasoning men."—*Dr. Winchell.*

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTHER.

WOMAN'S mission as mother is truly a divine one. Think of it! The bringing into life a human being; and though it were better if some men, and some women, too, "had never been born," yet we must remember the noble spirits who have blessed the world in all ages and all lands, every one of whom came into being through the channels of motherhood. Go back into history and remember that Moses and Paul, Luther and Wesley, Washington and Lincoln, were born of women. Were they worth the sorrow and the care they caused? Such a question needs no answer.

It is interesting to note how in all times and all countries she has been treated with considerate kindness and marked deference, and what special honor has always been attached to the office of mother among the people of the far East. She has been made the subject of public veneration, and sometimes even of

religious homage. At Athens, we are informed, as also at Carthage, the murderer who had escaped from the sword of justice, if he sought and found refuge in the house of a pregnant woman, was secure. The Jews allowed her to eat forbidden meats. The laws of Moses pronounced the penalty of death against all those who, by bad treatment or any act of violence, caused a woman to abort. Lycurgus compared women who died in pregnancy to the brave dead on the field of honor, and accorded to them sepulchral inscriptions. In ancient Rome, where all citizens were obliged to rise and stand during the passage of a magistrate, wives were excused from rendering this mark of respect, for the reason that the exertion and hurry of the movement might be injurious to them in the state in which they were supposed to be. In the kingdom of Pannonia all *enceinte* women were held in such veneration that a man meeting one on the road was obliged, under penalty of a fine, to turn back and accompany and protect her to her place of destination. The Roman Catholic Church has in all times exempted pregnant wives from fasts. The Egyptians decreed, and in most Christian countries

the law at the present time obtains, that if a woman shall be convicted of an offense the punishment of which is death, the sentence shall not be executed if it be proved that she is to become a mother.

It has been well said by Madame de Sirey, that "the women who comprehend well their rights and duties as mothers of families certainly cannot complain of their destiny. If there exists any inequality in the means of pleasure accorded to the two sexes it is in favor of the woman. The mother who lives in her children and her grandchildren has the peculiar privilege of not knowing the grief of becoming old."

"Among the Romans it was enacted," says one writer of history, "that married women who had borne three children, or if a freed woman four, had special privileges of their own in case of inheritance, and were exempted from tutelage. Juvenal has recorded the reverence paid in Rome to the newly-made mother, and the sign by which her house was designated and protected from rude intruders, namely, by the suspension of wreaths over the door. At various times and in various countries legislators have made laws discriminating

in favor of matrons, justly regarding the family as the source of the wealth and prosperity of the State. Louis XIV., we are informed, granted, by special edict in 1660, certain pensions to parents of ten children, with an increase for those who had twelve or more."

Motherhood is not by any means joyless, though it implies much in the way of sorrow and anxiety; but then every thing is born in some way out of trial; it is a law of nature. If the mother die in the ordeal of childbirth, or as the consequence, which is sometimes the case, it is only another illustration of this great law so universal. Dr. Holland's beautiful poem expresses it:

"Earth is a sepulcher of flowers,
Whose vitalizing mold
Through boundless transmutation towers
In green and gold.

"The oak-tree, struggling with the blast,
Devours its father tree,
And sheds its leaves and drops its mast,
That more may be."

This great law, so emphatic in the material world, is not less manifest in human life. The pathway of progress every-where seems to be through change and conflict. The thought

saddens one, as well as startles. The revolutions which have swept over states and nations have had their parallel and their prophecy in the destruction and decay in nature which ever ushers in the new and brighter life.

The beginning is soon followed by the end of life in the plant-world about us; so we are born, we die; and between these there is a perpetual struggle. Life is a battle.

Some one says that every step we take is an unconscious effort made to keep us from falling. One thing dies that another may live. Life is born out of death. To flourish, there must be the fading. Even nations grow out of tombs, as some plants spring from the crevices in the rocks. The everlasting hills, though buttressed on the granites which nature's fires have formed, must crumble, but in the crumbling they form the soil that nourishes the plant, giving beauty to the landscape and food to man and beast and bird.

That is a mysterious Scripture, say some, when referring to the curse of Eden, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Ah, indeed, what sad memories lie along this

line! How true it all is! One fairly shudders to think of what women, in all ages and in all lands, ever since the beginning of history, have been compelled to endure. Many and many a young wife who dreamed only of love and happiness, as vistas of a great bright future opened up before her vision, has closed her eyes to all the world's charms in giving to the world her first babe. Is it not a mystery? Do you say you wish that Scripture had not been written? Ah, but it is nature!

Hundreds, if not thousands, of children are born every hour through the circling year, and often is the mother, unattended by physician, living in poverty, deprived possibly of the common comforts of life. Aye, and it may be neglected, as is often the case, by the one who of all should be most considerate and tender.

This is a dark picture, we confess, but it is "true to nature."

But let us refer again to the Scriptures and see if there may not be some gleam of light, however faint. How far out does this Edenic curse reach, we ask? "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which

I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." (Gen. iii, 17-19.)

There is "sorrow" to woman in the throes of maternity. "Sorrow" to man as he plows, plants, and reaps; but is there any comparison between the two? Precious little plowing and planting he would do if it had to be done in agonizing throes and physical tortures.

No doubt man has labored and sorrowed and sweat a good deal over hard fields. The labor made his arm strong and his spirit courageous; the sweat was good for him; the man who can sweat freely at his work finds relief in it from other troubles, but the sorrow in his case is at the minimum.

But look now and see him in the dawn of this new age—the age of science and machinery—and what changes have come over the world in the way of ameliorating labor! Men need

not now anywhere do as they did in the olden times, bend their backs almost to the breaking point over the old-fashioned scythe and sickle, in harvesting their crops. Nay, they ride over their fields on handsome reapers and mowers, with canopies over their heads to protect them from the sun's hot rays.

They harness that omnipotent something we call force to their industrial implements, and thus hard toil is often abolished and pleasure takes its place. The curse pronounced in Eden on man seems to have lost its force and meaning in modern times.

Are we by this modern method merely dodging that curse? Are we baffling his plans for punishing sin? Then away with labor-saving machinery; let us go back to the rude implements of ancient times, so that we can suffer the curse in its fullness forever. Shall we?

Nay, nay! We are but availing ourselves of a divine right, that of bettering our condition by using the means which a merciful God has placed within our reach, and he is inexcusable who refuses their benefits.

What, then, if the decree of sorrow did go forth to universal womanhood, in the way re-

lated? Yet may she not avail herself of a discovery of science? Must she be denied the use of agents which the Father has placed within her easy reach, and thus escape in a large degree, to say the least, the pains and risks incident to child-bearing? To deny her this comfort is to deprive her of a boon that can only be considered as heaven-sent.

There are some books in the market which, while they are meritorious along certain lines, are not to be wholly accepted without inquiry. They lay great stress on a purely "fruit diet" for the mother during the period of gestation. They cite very many cases where the prospective mother subsisted almost entirely for many months on fruit, and as a reward was blessed with an easy delivery, sometimes with little or no pain.

In all cases it is claimed that the bones of the babe were soft and flexible, owing, of course, to the great absence of lime. So many a mother has denied herself in this way in the desperate hope of being exempt from the fearful suffering which almost always attends childbirth. But there is, as science has fully demonstrated, a better way. So why the need

through all these long months of self-deprivation of the foods which the appetite craves—nature's demands which are so forcibly voiced—when by a few inhalations of the simple mixture, the formula of which is elsewhere in this book carefully laid down, without even losing consciousness, the mother may, with muscles relaxed, rest with comparative ease and comfort, while Dame Nature, left to herself, works out the wonderful problem which has shocked and puzzled the ages, leaving the mother with no haunting memories of the day her child was born?

And, furthermore, according to some very eminent practitioners, the exclusive fruit diet, carried to such an extreme, is likely to impoverish the blood which, at such a time nature is disposed to provide, needs to be especially rich for the sake of the child. So that too exclusive a fruit diet may impair the health of both mother and infant.

While the theory has its advocates, yet many persons who have tried the experiment testify to what they consider ill results in the child. A lady whom we know well was "determined," as she expressed it, not to have a

large babe. It was her first, and she was past thirty. She followed the regular *régime* "laid down in the books," but when baby came his appetite was large, if he was not. He had not been half nourished; he was ravenous for food; his cries were pitiful.

Our dentists inform us that a mother may do much toward preserving her own teeth, which generally suffer under these maternal conditions, as well as to provide for good teeth in her child, which begin to form several months before it is born. She should therefore eat freely of bone-making food. And all this can be done with perfect impunity by the little woman who arms herself in time with the anæsthetic mixture and inhaler elsewhere described in this book, or at least insists on her right to have it administered by the attending accoucheur. She should assert herself now if ever.

But in all we have said we do not underrate the salutary effects of good fruit and plenty of it; it is wholesome, and its free use in reasonable quantities can only be advantageous to both mother and child.

We have no patience with those belated

people who insist that woman must be held under the "curse," who, against the plea for the use of anæsthesia in labor, quote the Bible to prove that God's nature has in it no element of mercy.

None are so blind as those who will not see. Galileo invented the telescope with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, and invited a man who was opposed to him to look through it, that he might see Jupiter's moons for himself. The man refused, saying, "If I should see them how could I maintain my opinions which I have advanced against your philosophy?" The same view is held concerning this practice. Do not try it unless you are willing to be convinced. What means all these possibilities in the natural world? Why should any remedy be used to cure us of disease? Are not disease, pain, and death designed for a purpose? What does science do for us in all ways? Why this power to unfold and bring out the things the Father has prepared for us?

A merchant walks to his telephone and converses with some one miles away, and then remarks, as one did to us the other day, "This saves a great many steps and a good deal of

time." Yes, but is not walking good exercise? And did not God ordain that men should walk? And is not time plenty? Every thing in the natural world has been given to human kind for some use, even poisons, substance, force, every thing. If, therefore, chemistry offers to suffering womanhood a solace, a help, it is of God ; and so while the book says, " In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," nature cries out loudly, saying, Reach forth the hand and I will give you a blessing from God which he offers freely to his children.

THE BABE.

“And he set a little child in the midst of them”—[*Jesus*].

“Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

“What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

“That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

“Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.”—*Longfellow*.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BABE.

WE think it was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who said the time to begin the education of a child is a hundred years before it is born. The remark is full of sound sense and good philosophy. But we wish here to deal in the shorter period first. We wish to say a few words to the young maiden of fifteen or sixteen who may chance to find this little book lying on her mother's dressing-bureau, and proceeds to read it "on the sly."

We are not afraid to have it fall into the hands of any pure-minded young girl, for there is not a word or sentence within its covers that could possibly do her any harm. On the other hand, great good might come to her, and would come to all if young people were instructed in an intelligent manner on the themes included within the circle of this book, for they will know, must know, about them; and often have their minds been filled with

the crudest and sometimes the most absurd notions. Is it not far better that knowledge so vital as this should be obtained legitimately?

As we have elsewhere stated, every young woman expects some day to be mistress of her own house and to hold in her arms her own babe. She, if a true woman, is blissful at the very thought. What nobler ambition could stir her heart? None. What is there in life any purer or sweeter than an innocent, helpless babe? The Father above has arranged things wisely. The young animal comes into life much stronger in body than the young human being. In a day or two, and at times in an hour, it is on its feet and is very soon walking, running, and playing. It is soon a mature being, forgotten and discarded by its mother. The colt at two or three years is harnessed before the loaded wagon and expected to do its share of hard work. The parent bird in a few weeks at most pushes her birdlings out of the nest and compels them to try their own wings, saying by the act, "Now shift for yourselves." They are soon gone and forgotten, and the relation of parent and child has no meaning.

But it is not so in the life of mankind. The babe is a helpless creature—nothing could be more so—and it remains so for a number of years. It must be fed, clothed, and cared for by night and by day. Desert it, and it must soon perish. A year passes, but it is the same helpless, dependent little thing; two years, and still it is unable to do any thing for itself; three years roll away, and it can do nothing toward procuring food or clothing; four years, and it is still weak in body and mind; five years, six years, seven years, and yet a mere child, for whom some one must constantly care. But in all of this there is plan. The child grows toward its maturity slowly, that it may be trained, cultivated, developed spiritually and mentally, and thus be fitted for a destination to which mere animal nature does not tend or aspire.

Every child born into the world inherits much; sometimes it is a tendency to disease, if not disease itself, and through its whole life it is fated to bear an entailed burden of physical infirmity and suffering.

We once heard a lecturer compare the relationship between the body and mind like to that between the cloth and the lining of a gar-

ment ; if you wrinkle one you wrinkle the other. The effect of the mind upon the body is now well known. Strong, long-continued mental emotion may induce or cure disease. "Heart disease," says a recent medical writer, "may be produced by a morbid direction of the thoughts to that organ. Warts disappear under the operation of a strong belief in the efficacy of some nonsensical application. In olden times scrofula, or the 'king's evil,' was cured by a touch of the king. The mind of the patient of course accomplished the cure. Under the influence of profound mental emotion the hair of the beautiful Marie Antoinette became white in a short time. During the solitary voyage of Madame Condinne down the wild and lonely Amazon a similar change took place. Many other instances might be adduced, but those given are sufficient to show that strong and persistent mental impressions will exert a mysterious transforming power over the body."

This shows how the mental and moral states of the mother may affect the life of her unborn child. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the question of inheritance. Physical char-

acteristics, we are told by Dr. Dunglison, are a common inheritance. He mentions the aquiline nose which for centuries has run through the house of Bourbon—the peculiar lip of the House of Hapsburg, the fixed physiognomy of the descendants of Abraham, etc. It is well known that children of tall people are tall; blondes procreate blondes; the hair, the temperament; longevity, deformities, gait, gestures, voice, all are transmissible from parent to child, in which the mother plays an important part, as physiology has fully determined. So disease, gout, obesity, asthma, cancer, affections of the skin, etc., are inherited.

The impression conveyed to the brain through the sense of sight has been a well-known law of animal life ever since the days of Jacob. And this includes the human race. The ancient Greeks were a people renowned not less for their personal beauty than their valor. They seemed to understand this physico-mental law of impressions, for in their apartments they were lavish of statues and paintings representing the gods and goddesses, delineated in accordance with the best models of art. Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, we are informed, caused

the portrait of the beautiful Jason to be suspended before the nuptial couch in order that he might obtain a handsome child. Alcibiades was spoken of as among the handsomest of the Greeks of his day; he descended from an ancestry noted for personal beauty. So long has this kind of inheritance been recognized that there existed in Crete an ancient law which ordained that each year the most beautiful among the young men and women should be selected, and compelled to marry in order to perpetuate the type of their beauty. "Like begets like" is an old saying and expresses a well-known law in the animal economy. A scar half an inch long on the arm of a child will be much longer when the child has grown to maturity; it grows with its growth by the law here stated.

If all men and women were beautiful their children would partake of the same quality; but they are not.

The body of the child is influenced by the mind of the parent, particularly that of the mother. "A mind habitually filled with pleasant fancies and charming images is not without its effects upon the offspring." The statues of Apollo, Venus, Hebe, and other gods and god-

desses which were so numerous in all gardens and public places in Greece, it has been said, reproduced themselves in the sons and daughters of the passers-by.

It is pitiable, but inevitable, that an innocent babe must be thus the subject of evil as well as of good. All this is not because God wills it to be so, but the sins of the fathers are in fact, by a law of nature, visited upon the children. There must be law, and it must be uniform and impartial. It is not the plan of our heavenly Father that a poor man's cottage shall burn to ashes, but if, through carelessness or by accident, it takes fire, he will not annul the great law of combustion to save it from ruin. The laws of health should be especially studied by all who contemplate parenthood, and this law in particular, which runs like a silver thread between mother and child.

Children inherit mental traits, dispositions, from their parents as well as physical, and so, my dear girl, as you expect some future day to be a mother, begin to-day the cultivation of those qualities of heart, soul, mind, temper, disposition, as will give to the dear babe yet to be, possibly a dozen years hence, a disposition

which will be helpful rather than one against which it will be compelled to wage war through its whole after life. Remember what the mother may be to her unborn child ; she may shape and sway by her thoughts and emotions to-day its whole life in all the years to come, not only for time, but possibly eternity.

From the pen of a wife and mother we quote the following word-picture of a small segment of a woman's life. It bears on the matter of cultivating good qualities :

“ When you accidentally overturn your tidy work-basket, and spools roll hither and thither, buttons fly in every direction, skeins of silk and odds and ends of all kinds mix themselves in provoking confusion, check the impatient exclamation—quick, or it will be too late. Turn your impatient thought into a merry song before it reaches the lip. Your basket will soon be set to rights, and you will have gained a little lesson of self-control.

“ Many of these little victories in the aggregate will add much to your worth as a woman ; your life will be polished by these frictions.

“ In future years, when you are called upon to undergo more than ordinary strain upon the

nerves, and when little ones are grouped about you with attentive ears to all that mamma says, it will be much easier to keep the home-life sweet. You can smile serenely when, in an unguarded moment, baby reaches out an ambitious little hand and upsets your inkstand on the table-spread, and while you are throwing a handful of salt on it to absorb the puddle, following this treatment with a thorough washing in sweet milk, your bread is burning in the oven. Perhaps, as you recall the bread you had forgotten, and turn to open the oven-door, you encounter the steaming tea-kettle and suffer from an aggravating burn the rest of the day.

“Just then the little four-year-old will be likely to come in from play with a great three-cornered rent in her new dress, which, having been caught on a nail in the fence, you will quietly say, like the brave, good little mother you intend to be, ‘Never mind, dearie. Mamma will mend it as soon as baby is asleep, so you can go out again. But try and keep watch, next time, for the sharp nails which tear little girls’ dresses.’ Just then, upon glancing at the clock, you will be astonished to find

that you have but twenty minutes in which to prepare dinner. In the quickest possible manner you proceed with this, and in your haste to get the vegetables from the cellar you strike your head with fearful force against a projecting beam. You must sit down now on the cellar steps to recover from the shock, and it will not be strange if the tears start as you clasp your hands across the aching head. But courage will be the word, and, though you may sit down to dinner so weary that you cannot enjoy the meal, yet your face will not wear a frown, nor your answers to the little questioners around you be given in sharp, unkind tones.

“Compare this day, when ‘every thing seems to go wrong,’ with the turning over of the work-basket in your girlhood, and the comparison will be ludicrous; and yet be assured if you do not cultivate the spirit of patience in the first instance it will be very much harder to begin when family cares come.

“Do you call this an overdrawn picture of wedded life? Ah no, it is only one of the slightly shaded places in the otherwise beautiful panorama. It is a day possible to come to

any one of you, no matter how auspicious the present may now be, and when your tender and sympathetic husband kisses the heated brow and whispers an encouraging word half the weariness will fly away, and you will think how rich you are in the possession of such a heart. But suppose it turns out that he is not considerate, as alas! is many times the case, then is there far, far greater need of the same grace of patient self-control."

The woman who finds herself on the way toward that sublime pinnacle, maternity, should think of what she may be and do now for the being that begins within her own, and from her own life receives its precious life. Is it not a beautiful relation? The food she daily takes into her system gives her blood a richness that is specially provided for this new life she holds; and so she begins to feed it in the very incipiency of its existence. Every hour, awake or asleep, she is giving it of her life and her strength. Tucked away within these finer than silken folds of nature the little being, which no eye but that of the All-wise can see, is amply protected from cold and heat, clothed, fed, sheltered.

The mother's thought thrills it with sensations of one kind or another. If she indulge wrong tempers of any sort the dear, helpless, recipient babe is influenced more or less in the same way. Does she allow herself to be petulant, restless, the little one will share in the same condition to a greater or less extent. Is she frightened by some hideous sight, we know the liability of the unborn child to carry on its person through its whole after life some bodily "mark." What is true of the body is not less true of the soul, and many a hateful disposition or soul-mark has come forth bearing these pre-natal derangements to disturb the harmonies of life. When such things may have their origin in the uncurbed disposition of the mother, indulged especially at a time when such results are possible, she should be thoughtful. It is best, therefore, to cultivate now the temper of soul which will save the future offspring from distress. Not this alone, but there should be the study of the bright, the hopeful, the beautiful, and the good. Pictures, flowers, music, cheerful surroundings, put upon the soul of the child their marks as surely as some other things mark the body. We do

not believe in the creed of the materialists as a whole, but it does contain some elements of truth. One is that we are impressed by our environments, we are liable to be shaped by certain outward conditions both before and after birth.

Take our kindly advice, then, young lady, and not only begin the education of your child ten or a dozen years before it is born, but remember that in doing so you will be educating children that may speak lovingly of you as great-great-grandmother a hundred years hence.

An old prophet said many ages ago, "A little child shall lead them." How eminently true! Is it not passing strange that people, and often the well-to-do, who cannot plead the want of ability to provide, should studiously seek in one way and another to deny themselves such a boon as the gift of childhood?

We have heard some men, and women, too, cry out against children as if they were a curse instead of divine gift—a blessing. Not very long ago we read an advertisement in a city paper something like this: "Wanted, a suite of rooms by a man and his wife; not over ten minutes' walk from the post-office; no encumbrances; address," etc.

While we are writing on this wintry day there sits on the floor near our feet a little baby boy, a trifle less than a year old; he is rollicking, laughing, full to running over with his childish glee, roguishly trying to divert our thoughts from this writing. We would not exchange him for the railway systems of the Vanderbilts and Goulds, with the rest of America thrown in. Think of calling him an "encumbrance!" Alas! for the heartlessness of those who compare a dear child to some load which it is hard to carry—something in the way.

There are two sides to this question of childhood culture which many do not fully understand. While these several years of infantile pupilage are passing, often producing confusion in the home circle and causing many a night of broken rest, especially to the mother, yet through all this time the parent is receiving some education from the dependent child. There is a heart development that is much needed to make life what it should be. To watch from day to day and from month to month the unfolding of the "bud of promise" is an inspiration to life itself; they give an added charm to life. What is a babe worth—

a babe, say, an hour old, to the world? So much that to take its life would be murder, a crime punishable by death. We remember the account of a grand review of a corps of the Russian army by the Czar. Thousands were there to witness the scene, and in the rush and crash of the multitude a little child wandered away from its guardian and got within the lines in front of the coming troop of cavalry. To attempt its rescue seemed perilous; but just then one of the troopers, seeing it, spurred his horse into a gallop, shot ahead of his comrades, threw himself over the side of his steed, snatched the child from its peril—for it must have been in a moment more exposed to the iron hoofs of a thousand horses—and bore it away to a place of safety. He had disobeyed orders, had broken from the ranks—an unsoldierly act—and had thus made himself liable to military discipline. But the Czar, hearing of it, sent for him, and instead of punishment conferred on him a knighthood. If the finest building in the city were on fire, and in an upper room there should be a sleeping child, and if only the babe or the house could be saved, the cry of every human heart would be, “Save the

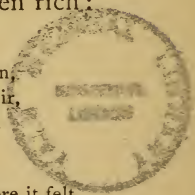
child, let the building, though it cost a round million dollars, go up in smoke and ashes." It is enough to say that the greatest man or woman whose presence ever graced the world's society, even the Lord Christ himself, was once a little helpless babe. What is a child worth? Only God can answer the question. And the frequent references made in the teachings of our Lord to children give strong evidence of the value he put upon them. Their purity, their helplessness, their promise, their loving natures, serve to lift men and women into the better life. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"These are they that make poor men rich:

"I saw a tiny plant, in tender green,
Grow, leaf by leaf, till robed in velvet sheen,
From out its heart there burst a blossom fair,
That shed its fragrance on the summer air.

"I saw a child, that by its mother knelt
And prayed, 'Our Father.' Then and there it felt
The precious kindlings of a mighty love
That drew its dawning infant thoughts above.

"And one by one they went, the golden years;
The mother's spirit fled to radiant spheres;
But, with glad banner of the cross unfurled,
Her child went forth a man to bless the world."



THE RELIEF—ANÆSTHESIA.

“ To this every woman is entitled, and for this she may, and of right ought to, hold her physician responsible ; she may with every propriety claim that if she be able to bear the perils of childbirth alone, in its fury, she is equally able to bear the effects of this light stage of anæsthesia. The time is past when her suffering may be ignored by the learned physician, and every woman should perfectly understand that the old-fashioned assurances, ‘ Your pains are natural ! you will not die ! this is God’s order for you ! ’ are simply and absurdly cruel, and should not be submitted to. If God allowed the pains, God sent the anæsthetic.”—*Dr. D. M. Barr.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE RELIEF—ANÆSTHESIA.

[The matter of this chapter and the two immediately following it is from the pen of David Miller Barr, M.D., for many years a successful practitioner in the city of Philadelphia. It originally formed a paper which was read before the Obstetrical Society of that city, and was afterward printed in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*. We have thrown it into this form in *The Olive Branch* by permission of the author. Dr. Barr is also the inventor of the inhaler described in Chapter VIII, which is surpassed by no other instrument of its class, and we think is superior to any other in use.]

I COME, wrote Dr. Barr, to plead for “anæsthesia in labor.” Not only in troublesome instrumental labor, but in all cases where the pains of travail fall upon women.

I offer the following propositions:

1st. Anæsthetics are not used in a fair proportion, in the pains of labor, to their use in ordinary surgical operations.

2d. A proper anæsthesia is as directly indicated, and is more safe in its use, to the obstetric patient than to the surgical patient, case for case.

In addition to the arguments in support of the foregoing, I will consider the questions: 1st. What is the danger to the child? 2d. What anæsthetic should be used? 3d. What effects may be expected?

(a) Upon the general system of the mother, with cases illustrating.

(b) Upon the parts involved in parturition.

In considering the first proposition I am willing to acknowledge the terrible nature of all induced pain; having myself suffered without chloroform I know how to appreciate it. The knife cutting into the quivering flesh involves all that is terrible, in anticipation as well as in realization, against which nature shrinks, demanding anæsthesia. So also in the presence of suffering from any character of operation, such is the terror inspired that an anæsthetic is invoked, often upon the most trivial occasion, from the pulling of a tooth to the capital operation.

But granting the horrible nature of induced pain, it is of but brief duration; from five minutes to two hours will measure the period of almost every case in which anæsthesia is demanded, the great majority requiring the

minimum of time as well as involving the minimum of suffering.

In labor cases, on the contrary, pain continues, with intermissions which seem only to aggravate the coming pain, from two hours, as a minimum, to ten to fifty long, weary hours—a character of pain which Professor Meigs well says has no other name but agony—and this pain accompanied with suffering which beggars description. In the midst of fasting and sickness the body must labor; weakness and exhaustion plead in vain for rest; with every muscle of the body exercised to its utmost tension, in mortal terror for very life, as in a tread-mill, it must labor. On and on, again and again, as the resistless flowing tide, comes the pain. Such is the terror of this scene that the prophet of old seizes it, there being none greater, to describe a fearful calamity. “For I have heard a voice as of a woman in travail, and the anguish as of her that bringeth forth her first child, the voice of the daughter of Zion, that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, Woe is me now! for my soul is wearied because of murderers.” (Jer. iv, 31.)

This is a labor scene the truth of which we all know. Who among us has not heard from suffering woman the despairing cry of Saul, "Slay me, for anguish is come upon me;" or the more familiar, "I shall die, I shall die, and not live." And yet, while our hearts have been moved with pity and sympathy, how many of us have failed to give her the comfort of anæsthesia, this greatest gift of God, so especially adapted to her need, this power of God, which alone is able to say to this troubled sea of agony, "Peace, be still!" I ask, gentlemen, is it fair, if anæsthetics be safe in labor, that they be denied here and offered for the pulling of a tooth?

But the saddest side of this scene is yet to be considered. Upon whom does this sad visitation fall? Is it upon the stalwart man, whose heart and nerve and muscle and nature are strong to endure this terrible ordeal, who in long years of exposure and training has learned to labor and to suffer? I say, is it the strong and stalwart of our race who are thus called upon to suffer? O, no! Not so. If they must suffer, they must have gas. If a leech is to be placed, they cry, "Couldn't I

have a little ether?" If it were they, indeed, there were no need for this paper; public opinion, so potent in making presidents and in moving our thoughtful (?) legislators, would long ago have moved the profession to see the propriety of "anæsthesia in labor." On the contrary, it is the weak, delicate woman; the daughter; perhaps, a young creature, whom a kind providence has shielded from sun and wind, whose delicate fingers have been taught to lift the music zephyrs from their hiding-places—nothing weightier; whose sweet, peaceful life has never known a thought of pain or care. It is this gentle creature, so brave and true that she enters willingly this dread scene of suffering, counting her life not dear for those she loves. She takes the hand of her physician; she believes that she is forewarned; she believes that she is prepared to bear; but is she? Not so. Language never yet has framed the words which could tell the tale. She is prepared to meet death, if need be; but, suffering more than death, she cannot die. How often have you and I heard her call for death, pray for death, as the terrible reality forced itself upon her astonished consciousness!

She is told it is all natural! God has so ordained it! She can bear it! All women bear it! And so, in her pain and in her exhaustion, as a lamb upon which the dogs are set, she suffers her time. Who says this is right? What father will condemn his child to this? What husband will stand by and see this, when the facts stand patent before us that, with *added safety to mother and child*, by the scientific use of the means which the God of nature has placed in our hands, she may be led through this terrible ordeal as though but bathed in the waters of the "river of Lethe;" and though all these pains must be submitted to, and all this suffering endured, the consciousness may the while be solaced by sweet sleep and the visions of dreamland take the place of stern reality?

And now how stands the account between the pains of labor and the induced pains of art? But this is not all. We have but studied the scene of a natural labor. Now, let trouble come, and the aid of art be invoked, with all the long list of procedures needful to save life. How shall the woman endure the scene? The forceps, which her imagination has pictured as

a far-off horror, now loom into life ; a strong man adds all the power of his might to the forces already grinding her to pieces ; and the more terrible instruments which shall mutilate her child, that only source of joy which can, for a moment, cause her to forget her anguish. Consider the agony of mind and heart, and compare it with the pains and pangs and fears of the most terrible of operations, and how stands the account ? But stop ; consider ; of all the people who inhabit this earth perhaps not one in a thousand has ever known a pain requiring anæsthesia ; and yet of all creatures born, whether living or dead, whether mature or immature, I may almost say none, not one, has come forth from a living mother but that, more or less, it was shrouded *with pain* which might have been relieved. Balance now the account, and will not every heart join with me in the conclusion : Let anæsthetics be administered in labor cases, and their benefit compared with their help in all other pains, and the balance in favor of pain and suffering soothed shall be, without measure, in favor of anæsthesia in labor.

In considering the second proposition we

have to compare the general condition of the parturient woman with the general condition of the surgical patient, and study the effect of the anæsthetics upon each.

Contrasting these conditions, we have—

1. The surgical patient approaches the operating table in varying stages of *disease*, whereas the obstetric patient approaches her labor in varying stages of *health*. Second, the surgical patient expects to wake from his sleep with a mutilated body, perhaps with loss of members, or at least a lingering suffering. To wake, for him, is, at best, to weep. She, on the contrary, looks upon this sleep as the heaven-sent haven of rest. On the borders of this sleep she lays her burden down—she wakes to receive her reward; she seeks this sleep a suffering woman in travail; she hastens to awake a happy mother, reaping the fruits of her suffering and patience during the long past months in the fullness of joy, such as a mother only can know. To wake, for her, is to welcome her harvest home.

2. They come subject to the shock of sudden accident, or worn by lingering disease; the nervous system all unstrung. She is in the height

of highest vitality ; for never is a woman's life more perfect than now ; her nerves and muscles all braced for the contest for which nature, foreseeing, has been preparing ; not that she is thus strong enough to fight her battle alone, but that she is the best that she can be.

3. If they have a tendency to anæmia of the brain, it is greatest now, and chloroform will but intensify the risk. If she have a tendency to anæmia of the brain, it is least now ; her blood being rich as possible for her, and surging through her brain never so high.

4. If they have valvular disease of the heart, requiring highest vitality of system to keep in regular action, how is this vigor lessened now, how great is the tendency of chloroform still further to increase the demand. Whereas when she comes into labor with valvular disease, instead of previous exhaustion and debility, her heart is stimulated by her condition, excited by her surrounding circumstances, by every act of preparation, by very hope. Urged to its utmost power by constantly recurring pain, by the violent muscular effort, its danger is from overaction, from overexertion, lest its walls or its valves give way. How appropri-

ately here comes in the soothing, sedative influence of the anæsthetic, quieting the excitement, subduing the pain, lulling into gentle slumber ; the scene of labor is gone ; the woman bides her time in happy unconsciousness ; the heart resumes a normal pulsation, safe under proper care. Even in the uræmic poisonings, with the threatened convulsion, that nightmare of the obstetric condition, let the onset be anticipated, let the nervous irritability be lost in gentle slumber, and the time for spasm may pass unheeded, the signal may never be given.

I appeal to the experience of the profession : does any one know of an instance in which a patient has passed from a state of proper anæsthesia into convulsion ? For myself, I never saw it ; on the contrary, I have seen the threatened spasm abort and never return.

It is the habit of the profession, after the onset of convulsion, to fly to chloroform and the lancet ; why should not the earlier use of the former do away with the demand for the latter ?

We may deduce from the foregoing that in ordinary surgical operations the death tendencies are from shock, from anæmia of the

brain, and from general and special debility, while we know that the death tendencies of chloroform are exactly upon these same lines. On the contrary, the death tendencies of the parturient condition are from overexertion or consequent reaction, from plethora, from congestion of the brain, from convulsion—the tendencies of chloroform being all antagonized to these same ; and as two waves meeting produce a calm, as oil upon troubled waters gives peace, so is it with anæsthesia in labor. Nor is this all ; while the pains, *per se*, in each case may be equally unbearable, and equally require anæsthesia, the cause and condition of the pain vary absolutely. In the surgical operation we have the flesh incised, the nerves divided ; it is a concentrated, localized pain of great intensity. To subdue the knowledge of this pain requires absolute snoring anæsthesia. On the contrary, in labor there is no sudden division of the continuity of any tissue. This is the pain of horrible cramp. It is the pain of the muscular contraction, the resistance of muscular tissue against inordinate distention. It is the torture of the rack ; and such is its fearful power, that in the tearing asunder of the

distended parts, as of the perineum, the very laceration brings relief, as though the gates of Paradise had opened to give the weary one rest. And yet under a very light anæsthetic effect, long before the snoring sleep announces profound anæsthesia, the muscles relax, resistance ceases, the parts distend to their utmost capacity, while the consciousness is lost in a dream. It will be remembered by all who administer anæsthetics that the test as to condition for operation is not that the muscles be perfectly relaxed, not that the eyelid may be stretched without making resistance, but that the delicate and sensitive cornea may be touched with the rough finger end without causing a sensation. *Such a condition should be unknown in the obstetric chamber.*

And further still, as a measure of safety in favor of the obstetric use, let it be remembered the ordinary surgical patient, under this profound anæsthesia, is always bordering on the verge of death ; he has within himself nothing but his own weakened life-force to support him ; sinking must be met by flagellations, by shock from the battery, by ammonia, by inverting the body that blood may gravitate to

the brain ; whereas in the parturient patient we have all these substitutes within the citadel, the natural forces, then in fullest exercise, acting as a guard against possible accident. The constantly recurring pain serves for the battery, the ammonia, the flagellation, while the muscular exertion, compressing the lungs, forcing the blood into the brain and holding it there with vigorous effort during the pain, answers in advance for the tilting of the body, so often tardy, in all cases where the anæsthetic is administered with only an approach to proper care.

Certain it is that any woman may be chloroformed to death, as she may be smothered to death by placing a pillow over her mouth and holding it there ; but I am thoroughly convinced, and I trust I have shown some good reasons for believing, that far beyond the average of ordinary surgical cases in which they are usually administered the necessary and proper anæsthetic effect is safe in labor cases. But the question as to the safety of anæsthesia in labor involves, besides the foregoing, the question as to its effect upon the child. If its delicate life be endangered, then

falls the entire argument; but, I have no hesitation in asserting the contrary, for the following reasons:

It stands upon record that in one case, before instruments were applied, a woman had inhaled three pints of chloroform, and as a consequence, not only was the babe still-born, but it was so saturated with chloroform that its body was preserved in color, form, and feature during three days, in hot weather, without ice. I mention this case simply to show that a woman in the obstetric condition could scarcely be chloroformed to death. If the mother's blood may be so saturated with chloroform that after passing through the placental vessels it shall retain sufficient chloroform so to inject the tissues of the child, and yet the mother live, all argument against its safety to the mother must fall. I only mention this to condemn. I look upon such a practice simply as an experiment as to how much chloroform would be required to kill a child and save ice to its burial! expecting the mother's death as a matter of course. Pure chloroform is always dangerous; three pints at one labor must be deadly. I think the profes-

sion will bear me out in the assertion—the babe will be influenced only in a small proportion to the anæsthetic effect upon the mother.

If I may offer my own experience during the last twenty years of almost constant using in my labor cases I will say I never saw a babe exhibit any marked influence of the anæsthetic, nor have I ever heard an intimation to the contrary by any one present at the birth, although, as a rule, I always call the attention of the friends to the condition of the babe immediately upon its birth, for my own protection against gossiping report. If a mother be smothered to death, I am ready to admit that the babe would suffer; but such is not good practice.

Let us consider the other side: How much chloroform can a babe bear? We have numberless instances of young babies inhaling chloroform. This is acknowledged to be the anæsthetic for babes, and reaction is prompt after having been kept hours under its influence. Among others, Professor Simpson mentions a case in which a babe not one month old was kept continuously under the influence of chloroform during twenty-four hours, with

no bad symptoms and absolute control of convulsions, which had resisted all other means. In 1866 I administered to a patient of mine, only ten days old, for an operation by the late Dr. F. F. Maury, without trouble, and prompt recovery. And in 1870 I administered to my own child, a babe of two days old, pure chloroform to perfect anæsthesia, unbroken for forty-eight hours, except to feed with a spoon what nourishment could be drawn from the mother's breast. My nurse sat for thirty-six hours without moving from the chair, or, I believe, her eyes from the face of the child which lay upon her lap. The trouble was a horrible convulsion, resisting all efforts to soothe and relieve. Babe was threatened with immediate death; chloroform was resorted to as a forlorn hope. During this entire period any attempt to allow an approach to consciousness was followed by a renewed onset of convulsion. Recovery followed without an untoward symptom; and I offer as my answer to this query, *a babe in utero can bear all the influence of chloroform which a mother can impart, herself not being in unwarrantable jeopardy.* And I will say further, if a mother can, to a limited extent,

impart the anæsthetic effect to her child, in mercy's name let it be so, and let the child be spared the pain which, unless anæsthetized by the hand of God, it must suffer in coming into this world.

THE KIND USED.

“ Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti ; si non his utere mecum.”—*Horace.*

“ And if a better system's thine
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.”

“ The errors that we commit on one day should teach us
to conduct ourselves more wisely on those which follow.”—
Old Maxim.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KIND USED.

IT has been my custom for a number of years past to use a combination of chloroform, ether, and alcohol. The peculiarities of chloroform are: 1. It has the power to subdue pain by its effect upon the nervous system, independently of its influence upon the blood, acting as a narcotic. 2. It is by far the most prompt and powerful in its effect. 3. It is the most dangerous after a slight stimulation, often wanting, and a slight nausea, very often absent. The tendency to paralyze the nervous system at once is manifest. First the sensory, then the motor nerves, then the functions of life succumb; with it immunity from pain precedes the stertorous sleep; a tendency to induce anæmia of the brain distinguishes it from ether or alcohol, as well as the fact, well established, that it may, without warning, paralyze and arrest the action of heart and lungs. With it the stage of inebriation is slight or wanting. In ether we

have almost the opposite of chloroform. In its approach to anæsthesia we have, first, a long stage of inebriation, with nausea and vomiting, and with excited spasmodic—I should say drunken—efforts, often requiring strong hands to restrain; second, perfect immunity from pain, with ether, exists only in the stertorous sleep, often only after a long and tedious administration; third, the heart and lungs are stimulated, the brain and general system congested; the anæsthetic influence is induced only through the blood, and in the following stages: 1. Inebriation; 2. Stupor; 3. Muscular relaxation; 4. Stertor; and 5. Coma, if pushed too far.

In alcohol we have only two stages, intoxication and reaction—the drunkard's sleep. Now, what are the indications of the obstetric condition? First, we have a sudden onsetting pain of great violence; accompanied with this pain we have a muscular effort involving all the muscles of the body, a straining effort threatening injury to the valves of a diseased heart, or the rupture of the vessels of a delicate lung; we have this effort forcing blood into the brain and holding it there, maintain-

ing a temporary mechanical congestion of the brain ; we may, at the same time, have rigid spasms of the os uteri or perineum, cramps of the voluntary muscles, or general convulsions. Now, how shall these indications be met? Without controversy, chloroform stands forth as the remedy, its very points of danger being antagonized, to a certain extent, by the obstetric conditions. Does chloroform promptly subdue pain? Here is a sudden onsetting pain! Does it induce anæmia of the brain? Here is an abnormally, though mechanically, congested brain. Does it relieve muscular tension and spasm and cramp and convulsion? Here are muscular spasm and tension perfected, with the most terrible of cramps, and convulsion always possible. Does it tend to depress the action of heart and lung? Here is the action of heart and lung stimulated to highest effort by pain, by excitement, by muscular exertion, by nervous irritability. But you say it is dangerous. And I say it is dangerous. Its effects may be in excess of the demand. It may paralyze and arrest the labor. In the absence of pain we want no chloroform ; how shall we obtain its benefit without its

risk? Now comes ether; evaporating three times more rapidly than chloroform, it brings its first stimulating effect to antagonize the ever-possible depressing or enervating effect of chloroform without in the least retarding the anæsthesia, and its own anæsthetic effect is developed after the force of the chloroform is spent. Its own stage of excitement and nausea is lost in the early anæsthesia of its rival, and its dangerous sequences forestalled; thus we have, if properly combined, a perfect anæsthetic against a labor pain. But in the absence of pain we need no anæsthetic, and should allow only the lightest possible influence; indeed, a pure stimulant is to be desired. Now comes alcohol (in vapor); less volatile than its fellows, if administered with them it must mainly act after they are gone. Mixing freely with them, it serves to dilute and make more manageable these powerful agents.

I am accustomed to use the following combination, the proportions graded according to the relative strength and nature of the ingredients and the demands of the case, increasing or lessening either ingredient if the peculiari-

ties of any case seem to indicate it, which I find very rare. Combine—

R Ether.....	3 parts,
Chloroform.....	1 part,
Alcohol.....	2 parts,

and we have an anæsthetic admirably calculated to meet the obstetric condition. Of this mixture three drams is a quantity easily handled. It may be sprinkled at one time on the inhaler, and just as the patient exclaims, "Quick, quick, doctor, here comes a pain," let the inhaler be placed near the mouth, but not against it, so as to at all exclude the air; after two or three rapid inhalations the pain may play itself; our patient is in comfort. The rapidly evaporating ether and chloroform, antagonized upon the dangerous or troublesome points, and at one as to the anæsthesia, have done their work, and are away almost as soon as the pain, leaving the slower alcohol to foster the influence and to guard against injury, as a watchman to lock up after the firm has departed. This effect may be thus intermitted or made continuous, may be lightened or deepened, as indicated.

I have thus far considered anæsthesia in its

brute force, as demanded in ordinary operations; but there is another stage of anæsthesia peculiarly adapted to labor cases, in which the lion becomes a lamb. Writers have spoken about a stage of anæsthesia, most desirable and safe, in which pain is absent and yet consciousness is not lost, as a condition perfectly adapted to minor operations in surgery, very difficult to obtain as well as maintain. But to most surgeons this stage is a "myth," a "will-o'-the-wisp." So far as I have used anæsthetics in ordinary surgery, or seen them used by other surgeons, there are but two stages of anæsthesia, one of inebriation and one of profound sleep, ready for the operation; but in the anæsthesia of labor cases this rare and beautiful condition referred to not only may be, but should always be looked for. Profound anæsthesia is seldom required, even to subdue the worst pains of labor, and in the absence of pain but the slightest effect is required to continue the dreamy sleep, in which the patient follows in her imagination the direction of the physician; her brain crystallizes every idea into a scene of reality, and thus, in vision clear and vivid, she visits the scenes of her child-

hood and lives again the delights of a long ago, or sings and revels in the pleasures of to-day, all unconscious of the pain which will at regular intervals break in as a cloud, perhaps changing her tone, arresting her voice, may be forcing a long, low moan or a complaint, and then the face is lit again with smiles, the song finished or the journey renewed, all unconscious of the interruption, and she wakes when all is over, remembering every scene of her dream-life as a vivid reality and the pains of her labor, if at all, only as a dream.

She has fulfilled the prophecy which stands to-day, though written centuries ago: "Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man child."

THE INHALER.

The best mode of administering anæsthesia is an important consideration. While an inhaler may be extemporized from a napkin or any thing else that may be at hand, I have found the following apparatus, devised by myself, to be the most convenient:

The instrument in its foundation consists of a hollow tube and a wire frame-work, forming

a hollow cone, similar to the shape of the napkin and paper cone referred to, which opens and closes like an inverted umbrella. It is really a cone within a cone, the apices connected by the tube, the smaller some six inches below the larger, the circumference of each base uniting. The larger cone, or outer, is covered with gum-cloth; the smaller, or inner, consists of Canton flannel, furred side out, forming a hollow base to the larger, and between the two cones is an air-chamber. The hollow tube, as it passes through to this chamber, is perforated, and above the outer cone it spreads out in the form of a funnel. Now, into this funnel is poured the anæsthetic; through the small perforations it is sprinkled upon the Canton flannel and is evaporated into the air-chamber above, or between the cones, perfectly saturating the air; and when the united base of the two cones, about six inches long and four wide, is placed so as to cover the patient's nose and mouth, we see, first, all inspiration must be through the tube, and all expiration must be through the same, except that which may be passed beside the chinks, to draw through being more easy than to blow

through against the wooled side of the Canton flannel. Hence, while inhalation is entirely through the tube and saturated air-chamber, the air brought into the lungs must necessarily be saturated with the anæsthetic; yet the air returned from the lungs may be passed out without blowing the anæsthetic into the room. We have no loss of anæsthetic; thus it is economical.

Second. The Canton flannel cone, or base, as it may be termed, of the larger cone, may be removed at pleasure, in a moment, and another substituted, without the least inconvenience, if soiled, while the fact of its being in the form of a cone and entirely elevated from the nose lessens the probability of its being soiled. Thus it is cleanly, while it offers the additional advantage, in being elevated, of holding the liquid mixture sprinkled upon it far away from the face, even while perfectly excluding the outside air, sparing the patient the burning of the face so often seen.

Third. The funnel-shaped end of the tube projecting above the outer cone serves as a handle, or the instrument may be held by the wires of its frame-work by the obstetric patient,

inhaling at her pleasure, as I usually allow. It is light, weighing only about from three to five ounces when ready for inhaling. It is small, less than twelve inches long, and when closed is as a child's closed parasol of that length, without a handle, and may be placed in the coat pocket. Thus it is convenient.

THE HAPPY RESULTS IN PRACTICE.

“ Much practice hath a sure improvement found.”—*Dryden*.

“ Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.”—*Paul*.

“ Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.”—*Longfellow*.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAPPY RESULTS IN PRACTICE.

IN illustration of this beautiful effect I will select some examples, which I trust will be of interest to the reader, and which, with one or two exceptions, are residents of Philadelphia.

Mrs. F., 1871. Taken in labor two weeks prematurely in consequence of alarm at the sudden death of an aunt; was so very nervous that I feared for her safety; she had settled in her mind that she would certainly die in this her second confinement. Immediately after the first few inhalations she became tranquil, no sickness, no suffering; she lay upon her bed as though simply resting; no one in the room except myself supposed she was unconscious of her pain, which regularly recurred, and was regularly responded to by the straining effort, dozing slightly in the interval of pain; she replied to every question intelligibly, and appeared in perfect comfort. Labor completed itself naturally; anæsthesia was

continued slightly until the close of the third stage, on account of her nervousness, and contrary to my custom. After bandaging, I said aloud: "Mrs. F., your babe is born;" she replied, in perfect wakefulness, "My babe isn't born; how could my babe be born and I have no pain?" and then, remembering her fears, she exclaimed, "How could my babe be born and I not die?" She was soon convinced, and rejoiced in her happy relief.

Without material difference in the scenes of labor was Mrs. M., 1876. When I said, "Madam, your babe is born," she replied, "Now, doctor, you're fooling me." "No, madam, there's your babe at the foot of the bed, covered up." Touching it with her foot, she exclaimed, "Pshaw! that's Julia."

Also, Mrs. F., 1879, hearing her babe cry, she exclaimed, petulantly, "Now, Viola, you always wake me just as I get into a nice sleep."

Also Mrs. R., September, 1872. Tedious first labor; mother weeping all night over the apparent sufferings of her child. "Mrs. R., your babe is born." She replied, promptly, "Is my babe born? Well, mother, I never felt one pain."

In all these cases labor progressed and terminated naturally; no vomiting, no drunkenness, no cessation of pains, no stertorous sleep, no instrumental interference, no hemorrhage; indeed, nothing but the regular inhalations, the regular pains, the natural delivery, and the perfect, prompt waking.

Mrs. L., 1873, by advice of husband and friends, refused the anæsthetic. I sat by her bedside, offering her what comfort I could, while she labored as hard as I ever saw any one labor, from nine o'clock P. M. until three o'clock A. M., when she became perfectly exhausted. I said: "Now, Mrs. L., you are very foolish to suffer so when I have perfect comfort for you in my vest pocket." "Well, doctor, if you're sure it wont hurt me I'll take it." Within five minutes she was at peace; no more pulling, no more tread-mill arrangements, no more suffering. Labor advanced rapidly; in an hour her babe was born, and she rejoicing. Three children have since been born to her, all in dream-land. These cases represent the ordinary effect of the anæsthetic. But there is a much finer effect possible with the very dry ether and chloroform of Squibb's manufacture,

and I believe only with his can it be perfectly maintained. The condition requires careful administration of the anæsthetic, but will well reward the effort. As examples, I mention Mrs. B., 1872. First labor. Early upon its onset I administered the anæsthetic. Then I invited her to visit her old home. I described the scenes; she conversed freely, with apparently perfect confidence, interrupted only with each pain and her straining effort. When all was over she told, with great delight, of her visit home, describing the scenes upon which we had conversed; she had been with the doctor to the garden to pluck roses; she saw the old willow-tree at home, waving and waving, and that's the last; her babe was born entirely without a sense of pain or knowledge of the birth.

Mrs. C., 1874, almost immediately after the first inhalation, burst out into a beautiful song, and continued singing one after another until her babe, a large boy, first child, was born. Her singing was only interrupted by the onset of each pain, when she would descend rapidly from her high, clear soprano, to a low, moaning sound, until the pain had passed,

when at once she is off again into an airy glee, all unconscious of the pain. This scene was repeated some two years later, upon the birth of a pair of fine boys.

Also of this character was Mrs. H., 1872, who spent the time singing and conversing, utterly unconscious of pain; her first child. So delightful was the scene that her sister-in-law, who resided in Baltimore, determined to come to Philadelphia for care in her approaching confinement. She came, but circumstances prevented my being present; and, to her great disgust, she was obliged to suffer all night under care of a physician who thought the "pains all natural," and that a woman "ought to bear them." Her next child was born under my care, in dream-land.

I will conclude these cases by the relation of some instances in which almost the entire brain was perfectly awake, so as not only to answer my questions, but to propound others; so as not only to grasp my imaginings, but to suggest other new ideas, and by word and gesture illustrate them, indicating by smile and play of features a perfect conception of the ideal, yet utterly unconscious of the real. I

attended Mrs. M., the wife of a prominent minister in Philadelphia, in six labors; with five I had the ordinary effects of the mixture, as detailed. How well I remember my first attendance, her second child, when I said, "Mrs. M., your babe is born," her delighted cry, "O doctor, bless you for giving me that!" In her last I determined to give her all the pleasure I could, and with Squibb's preparations I administered carefully. Soon she awoke in dream-land. I invited her to go with me to a Sunday-school anniversary; she consented, with pleasure. We went, I described the scenes, she enjoyed it perfectly, interested herself in the speaking, and joined in singing one tune after another as I suggested them. Noticing her look intently, I asked her why. She replied, "I can't see them exactly." "Why, don't you see that little girl with blue eyes and black curly hair? Don't you see her white dress?" "O, yes," she replied, smiling, "now I see them," and her babe is born.

The other case went to bed at ten o'clock P. M., second confinement, 1877; had been having pain for some time before my arrival; she

was delivered at six o'clock A. M. During this entire interval she spoke as though perfectly awake. I invited her to take a ride in the park. She said, "Thank you, doctor; I would like to. John, bring the horses." "Here they are, Mrs. C.; aren't they beautiful? See that gray, how proud he looks, and that bay, how high he holds his head!" "They are beautiful." "Step in, Mrs. C." "Thank you, doctor," and with a movement she is in, and we are off. I described the scenes as we passed, and she certainly saw them all. Upon entering the park a beautiful "team" attempted to pass us, and we drive all regardless of park regulations; we keep ahead, of course, much to her delight. We drive by the river, and see a boat-race; boys in red, boys in blue; and we are off to the "Wissahickon." A cat-fish supper is ordered for two. "Mrs. C., will you take a boat-ride while supper is preparing?" "Thank you, doctor." "Here is the boat, Mrs. C., step in." "Isn't it dangerous, doctor?" "O, no; see, the man will row us," and with a motion she is in, and we boat along, delighted. I remarked how beautifully the branches interlace above us from the trees on either side; she replied, "And how sweet

they look reflected from the water." Soon, with a waving motion of the hand, she said, "How nice to bathe the hand in the water as we float along." "Mrs. C., I hear the bell, supper must be ready, let us go in." She assents, and we return to find the supper nicely laid, and we proceed to discuss the dainties. Mrs. C. was helped to cat-fish, to waffles, to chicken, and the *et ceteras*. "Mrs. C., wouldn't you be helped to something more?" "No, thank you, doctor; I have eaten heartily." "Try some of this honey, it is very nice with waffles." "Well, thank you, doctor; I will try a little." "Can I help you to any thing else?" "No, indeed, not any thing more." "Shall we drive home?" "I am ready." And we drive home in time to meet the babe, whereupon Mrs. C. is immediately awake to real life, and cannot be convinced that her trip is not real. To-day she assures me that but for the fact of the impossibility, she could not be convinced that she had not taken that ride, so real it seems to her.

A lady, after the birth of a child, assured me, "Doctor, I never felt a pain, but I knew what you were doing all the time, and all that

was going on around me; I fought against the influence, for fear you would use instruments." The other was the most perfect effect of anæsthesia I ever saw. Previous to her confinement, upon making my engagement, I explained the effect I expected; both herself and mother-in-law were much surprised, having never heard of it. They told some neighbors, who laughed at "such an idea;" "either the pains would go on or the labor would stop." "Well," said the mother-in-law, "in a few weeks I shall have an opportunity to test it." This lady, upon pains becoming very hard, by advice of the nurse, sent for me at one o'clock A. M.; I arrived at two. She took the anæsthetic, and after a few inhalations she passed into sleep, in which she followed my leadings perfectly; passed through all the experience of a boat-race, drive to Wissahickon, cat-fish supper, etc., and so perfectly clear was she that when I asked her to ride she hesitated to accept, I saw at once, from a moral sense of propriety, I being a stranger. I told her, "Your mother, Mrs. Mason, goes with us," whereupon she consented; when boating, she assured me that she never was in a boat before. "Isn't it

delightful?" When I asked them to supper, "What time is it, doctor?" "Five o'clock." "O, I must go home; husband will be home to supper; he is tired; he has a sore hand." "O, no," said I, "your mother has arranged to have him here to supper; see! there he is now." "Why yes, there he is; I'm so glad." At supper she took the cat-fish, but declined the chicken, and also ice-cream, which, her mother said, was her custom in ordinary. After coming home I gave her a peach, which she enjoyed greatly. I said, "These peaches are from that basket." "O, aren't they beautiful?" Letting, now, the effect become as light as possible, and seeing a pain come, I said, "Mrs. M., please help me move this basket over?" "Certainly; O, it's heavy." "Yes, pull." "O, it's very heavy!" "Yes, pull hard." Pain subsides. "Now it's over, isn't it?" "Yes, now, it's over, didn't I help you nice?" "You didn't do much of the lifting, you left all the weight on me, I notice that." With next pain and next basket, "O, I can't! O, it's too heavy! I must go home; my husband wouldn't approve of my staying here, lifting these heavy baskets." It was now noon;

labor had been hard all the time, and head detained above the brim. My anæsthetic was becoming scarce; had used nine ounces of the mixture; had but two on hand. The narrow rim and small pelvis obliged me to place the forceps and deliver; had rupture of perineum, which I was obliged to stitch; all this with about two ounces of the mixture. In consequence she suffered some. Had I been better supplied she would never have known aught but her dreamings, which to-day are perfect in her mind, while even the memory of the forceps and operation are blurred and dim.

One more case: Mrs. X. was married at a period in life when there was no reasonable ground to expect offspring, and yet in time, to her great surprise, she found herself on the way to motherhood. All the physical conditions were against her. Her family physician did not believe that she ever could be the mother of a living babe. But when the time came, she was promptly put under the influence of the anæsthetic compound given in this book, and though the birth was a little tardy, accompanied by some suffering under these unusual conditions, yet all went on with

safety to both mother and child. To the delight and surprise of all, she was the mother of a living babe. It was at the time a conceded fact that, but for the relaxing effects of the anæsthetic mixture, either the mother or child must, in all likelihood, have been sacrificed. And so we might go on to an unlimited extent, but forbear.

There are certainly cases when anæsthetics are contra-indicated, and must not be given, but those cases are the exception, not the rule. The question, Must I give it? should give place to, Must I refuse it? . . .

The experience which a continuous practice for a score of years in the use of anesthesia in labor leads me to add that the argument and conclusions have been fully confirmed; as well also has the general experience of the profession demonstrated the same. This is the proper effect of anesthesia in labor, and should always be looked for.

This effect and this constant use, more perfect as experience developed its possibilities, I taught my student, Dr. P., who was graduated at Bellevue Hospital about 1871, and is now a successful practitioner in New

Jersey ; also Dr. H., his chum and fellow-graduate, a successful practitioner in Philadelphia, whose wife I have had the pleasure of taking care of during the birth of two children, under the influence of this mixture ; also to my student, Dr. G., a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, now a successful practitioner in that city. The prejudice of public and professional opinion may have more or less deterred them from using anæsthetics as freely as I do. The pioneer is ever the martyr, and the tendency is very great to attribute every accident to the anæsthetic. I am satisfied this is unfair ; but for these many years I have never refused a single patient this comfort, more or less perfect, except where absolute contraindications existed on the part of the patient or surrounding circumstances, without having seen a *single misadventure* ; on the contrary, I have seen patients in the midst of labor ; one at present comes to my mind, with expression in face and gesture of perfect peace and happiness, turn to her nurse, who was fearful of it, having never seen it given, moving toward her the "smoke-pipe," as she termed the inhaler, "O, nurse, this is happiness ; O, this is com-

fort ; what would I do without this ? And I'm not asleep, nursie ; I know all I'm saying." This was her second confinement under my care, and she, though a poor woman, had returned to Philadelphia to be under the same comfort she had with her first babe. This, in greater or less degree, should be the pleasant course of all labors except where the individual case absolutely contra-indicates. To this every woman is entitled, and for this she may, and of right ought to, hold her physician responsible ; she may with every propriety claim that if she be able to bear the perils of childbirth alone, in its fury, she is equally able to bear the effects of this light stage of anæsthesia. The time is past when her suffering may be ignored by the learned physician, and every woman should perfectly understand that the old-fashioned assurances, " Your pains are natural ! you will not die ! this is God's order for you ! " are simply and absurdly cruel, and should not be submitted to. If God allowed the pains, God sent the anæsthesia. Under the influence of this mixture I have applied forceps, made version, performed craniotomy, and controlled threatened convulsions without ever having

seen a single untoward or dangerous symptom.

The influence of this mixture upon the parts directly involved in labor, when parts are normal and labor natural, is simply to accelerate parturition; all the parts yield more readily, and, being non-resistant, the influence of each pain holds until its successor comes on. The danger of the head being forced through a resistant perineum by the frenzied exertion of the mother in that terrible moment of agony does not obtain, since the frenzy is not present, neither the agony of the moment; on the contrary, a steady, painless pressure upon the non-resistant tissues induces relaxation and distension by natural law, with a minimum risk of laceration.

I never saw the arrest of labor pain; I believe such never occurs in the proper effect of anæsthesia, the law of which is never to allow a stertorous sleep; the accidental occurrence of a snore being the prompt, urgent signal for withdrawing the anæsthetic. *Arrest of labor means excess of anæsthesia.*

It is further to be especially noted, this stage of anæsthesia offers no obstacle to the

use of any medication useful in its absence. Is the labor slow, the *os* rigid, the perineum resistant? use a stimulant, a warm bath, or any other medicament indicated. Let one or all be administered. Ask your patient to take a glass of lemonade, and she will swallow any draught with pleasure. I am satisfied every artifice possible will acquire additional force through the anæsthetic influence, and should worse come and instrumental interference be required, with how much greater safety may such be used for the calm, quiet, non-resistant woman than for the frightened, pained, shrieking creature, who believes herself dying, and who is suffering more than death.

The depressing or sickening effect of ether or chloroform upon patient or child after labor is, so far as I have been able to observe, not present, while the exhaustion, the weariness, the soreness, resulting usually from a hard labor is markedly absent.

Summing up, I think I have shown:

1. The claim of the parturient woman for anæsthesia is unequalled by any claim in the wide world.

2. These claims will not have received a fair

response until the anæsthetic is as common in the lying-in chamber as upon the operating-table.

3. A proper anæsthesia is more directly indicated and more safe in the ordinary obstetric patient than in the surgical patient, case for case.

4. We have an anæsthetic mixture capable of producing perfect immunity from suffering, without intoxication, without vomiting, without reaction or dangerous sequences.

5. The babe offers no contra-indication, since its safety is not jeopardized.

6. Labor is not hindered, but rather hastened by the anæsthetic.

7. Anæsthesia offers no contra-indication for the use of any medication which would be indicated in its absence.

If all these, or a majority of these, be true then I believe I have shown a strong moral demand on the part of suffering woman upon the profession, not only to administer the anæsthetic, but to educate the people up to its sufferance, as in the case of vaccination against small-pox, or quarantine against epidemics.

AN OPEN LETTER, WITH SOME
PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

CHAPTER X.

AN OPEN LETTER, WITH SOME PRELIMINARY
OBSERVATIONS.

WE all know that there is a very marked difference between the use and the abuse of any thing. The best gifts of God may be perverted, for nearly all vices are virtues pushed to extremes. The world may be used or it may be abused. The freest use of all things is given us, but we are cautioned against abusing any thing. "Thou shalt have dominion . . . over the earth." There is not a particle of substance or any sort of force in nature which mankind may not employ under the guidance of reason.

Every new thing needs to be rigidly tested; this is as it should be. Conservatism has its proper place in the affairs of men. We need the locomotive to propel the train along its iron path-way, but the brake is equally needed to check its speed, or, if need be, to bring it to a dead halt.

Yes; every thing should be tested thoroughly, and then, if "weighed in the balance and found wanting," discarded; if not wanting, adopted. Many a theory in the science and practice of medicine, as in every thing else in this world, once believed in firmly has long since been exploded, and we wonder how we could have been so chained in ignorance, alas!

"To err is human!"

What vast quantities of good blood have been wasted by the old-fashioned lancet? How rarely now does the physician "bleed" his patient? He has discovered his error and learned a better way. But if you had spoken a syllable against "blood-letting" only a few decades ago you would have been laughed at.

Some remedies once very popular are now but little used in the treatment of disease. Take that article once so famous in medical practice, sub-chloride of mercury, or calomel, and which has its uses yet, as an illustration. The drug has not changed a particle in its chemical constitution, but how seldom, comparatively, is it employed now; and if it is used

it is in grain or half-grain, instead of "ten" or "twenty" grain doses as formerly. And then if it was given, no matter what the degree of thirst, the poor patient must not have any cold water to drink, for that would be perilous to the life. The good doctors believed all this, and they practiced their creed conscientiously.

We once knew of an old and very respectable physician who was taken ill and was put under the care of a brother doctor, who administered the standard medicine, calomel, and of course he must refrain from drinking water. He grew very thirsty, called for water, but none was allowed. His thirst increased until it became raging; and so, when the nurse was asleep one night, the old doctor crawled out of his bed, went to the tank, and, as he said, "drank a whole pitcher of cold water." He did not care, he said, if he did die; he wanted water; water he would have, did have in abundance, against the "doctor's orders" and his own medical theories. All expected that he would die from the effect of mixing calomel and water in the system, but he didn't; instead he "got better from that hour," as he expressed it. In

all of his subsequent practice he discarded the old notion and allowed his patients water even if they were taking calomel. O, the cruelty of the doctors!

Some time ago (1885) there appeared in the columns of one of our most widely circulated and influential religious weeklies an editorial note against the use of anæsthesia, excepting in very grave surgical cases, which we give below for the sake of the rejoinder, which will follow it in the form of an open letter:

“Official returns in England show that eighteen persons in England and Scotland were killed last year by taking anæsthetics. Nine were from the use of chloroform, six from ether and chloroform. In every fatal case the patient had been quite healthy, and the operations had been of a comparatively slight character. We frequently read of similar cases in this country. Nor is nitrous oxide free from danger in every case. Taking of anæsthetics, except for grave operations, is to be condemned. Not only is it dangerous to take them for ordinary tooth-pulling, but it makes cowards of the people. Reserve chloroform, etc., for operations where the suffering is itself

a danger. Bear ordinary ills with manly fortitude."

" PHILADELPHIA, PA., *October 25, 1885.*

REV. ———, D.D.: "My dear doctor, I have had the pleasure and profit of hearing you preach, and greatly admire you for your powerful and energetic habit of thought. I cannot help thinking what your influence upon those who know you as I do must be for good if right, for bad if wrong, while standing upon the platform of a paper so widely circulated as the one you edit, and teaching by your pen so many people.

"In your issue of the 22d instant you hold up what I sincerely believe to be an error. I know you to be a true man, and fearless in the advocacy of truth as God gives you to see it, but in knowledge of facts, physical as well as spiritual, we 'see through a glass darkly' until we get to the other side of the physical and into the land of the spiritual.

"Now, I, too, claim to be a lover of truth and its fearless advocate, and I know a truth—may I say it—in its entirety, which, if I rightly judge, you 'know only in part.' Our situations are different; I have devoted nearly a score of

years to the study of this truth *as a specialty*. I have sacrificed much for it, and at one time when God gave me the assurance that one of his children must live or die as I was faithful or false to my knowledge, the balance in my judgment depending upon the use of this truth, I was called upon, and did, as I can easily satisfy you concerning, place upon the altar my reputation and my means, liable to lose both, for the sake of the knowledge I possessed; and now woe is me if I teach it not.

“Now, if what you teach is the truth as to this matter, then is my life-work in vain. But I know that your teaching is not in absolute truth. Your position as an editor of a widely circulated journal is great, your influence must hence be wider in its range than mine, inasmuch as you speak to hundreds, if not thousands, against my one every week. So in proportion will an error supported by you run rampant long and far before the truth taught by my pen shall be able to overtake it.

“Are you interested? Will you read carefully and prayerfully the pamphlet I send you? Then read what further I have to say.

“In your paper you say editorially: ‘Taking

of anæsthetics, except for grave operations, is to be condemned. . . . It makes cowards of the people.' I beg to take issue with both assertions. I will say, however, that if your advice is to 'bear ordinary ills-with manly fortitude,' confining your advice to men, I have no quarrel with you. I leave man to fight his own battles. I will only give it as my opinion, that perhaps if all these eighteen persons alluded to could have had another trial their deaths might have been prevented.

"Eighteen deaths in a population of thirty millions of people might occur from almost any cause. No doubt more than that number of people in England and Scotland during the same period were thrown from horses or killed by railway accidents. But you surely would not argue against horses and railroads from that stand-point.

"When vengeance plunges the knife, who condemns the knife? No one. But when carelessness in the use of anæsthetics or want of proper means (easily within reach) causes death, chloroform must be beheaded.

"But I battle not for man nor me, but for her who bore your Lord and you. Let your

teachings on this line be accepted, and woman will falter in receiving the comfort which God means her to have, as I have seen her do, lest she be deemed a coward, or lest, perhaps, there be danger to her or the little one dearer than life.

“ If you have read and believe my teachings you will modify your remarks ; and O, if you will do this from the platform of your paper how many hearts will rejoice !

“ Now, brother, be of deep solemn thought, and I will show you from God’s word and from my own definite experience of this day that my teachings are true, and that this is God’s purpose toward all mothers. The curse reads, ‘ I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception ; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children ; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee (Gen. iii, 16).

“ The law also reads, ‘ Eye for eye, tooth for tooth,’ etc. (Exod. xxi, 24).

“ But both are modified in this our day. Under the loving rule of Jesus wrath has given place to love. ‘ Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also ’ (Matt. v, 39).

“In the book of Jeremiah, xxxi, 7-11, we are plainly given to understand that in time the lame, the blind, the woman and child, the woman in travail, will be comforted, the curse lightened. How is it? Our Lord says, in evidence of his coming, ‘The blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear,’ etc.; there is comfort for all. Is there none for the woman in travail.

“But how merciful is the Lord to ‘them with child.’ And do we not know how much we have for their comfort? But how is it with the woman in travail? I say to you, that but for anæsthesia there is no comfort for her: words avail nothing, human sympathy is no antidote now. There are no words to describe the condition at this day more perfectly than those of the prophet of the long ago: ‘For I have heard a voice as of a woman in travail, and the anguish as of her that bringeth forth her first child, the voice of the daughter of Zion, that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, Woe is me now! for my soul is wearied because of murderers.’ What a pen portrait is that!

“Only a few days ago one of the managers of the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage of Phila-

delphia related to me that she labored in almost death-agony thirty-three hours, and when all was over the nails were off her fingers. She said her doctor told her that she would soon forget it, but fifteen years afterward she met him and told him that she had not forgotten it. Just think what a proper administration of anæsthesia would have done for that woman, what a safe relief she might have had.

“This very morning I came to my home at ten A. M.—out all night—a woman in labor twenty-eight hours, twelve hours in light anæsthetic sleep under which, though talking and laughing the while, her babe is born all unknown to her. No torn finger nails here. Do you ask was she drunken? I say, No. But this is that which cometh to pass that was spoken by the prophet, a fulfillment of the promise of comfort to the woman in travail. Her boy is born without pain, without danger, and without a single untoward symptom, leaving the mother without the weariness and soreness which would have existed had she suffered or labored as in ordinary.

“And now wherein should this make ‘cowards of the people?’ The Lord gave Adam

blessed sleep. He caused a 'deep sleep to fall on him' when Eve was *born*. By what means? Only he knows, but certain it is he slept. But did this make of us a race of cowards? 'He giveth his beloved sleep!' Does it make of us cowards? The soldier in going into battle remembers that should it be his fate to receive some ghastly wound the anæsthetic shall stand upon his right hand while the surgeon takes the left. Does this assurance add to his fears? Is he not as brave when he returns to the ranks? Our Saviour, in love, says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Are we thus taught to be less brave, or less disposed to bear our ills with 'manly fortitude?' Our Lord prayed, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Was Jesus a coward? Are we taught cowardice by his example? Does woman play the coward when she accepts the means which God has given her to sweeten the cup—anæsthesia in labor? I do not think so.

"And now, dear brother, you ask why all this to you? Why not through the profession and medical journals reach and disseminate the truth? Doctors of medicine, like some doctors

of divinity, are sometimes very conservative. Our Lord did not reach the people through the priests. Ah, no! 'The common people heard him gladly.' The priests gave their influence to put him to death. The profession of to-day knows these truths, or may know them, as well as they of the Jewish synagogues knew, or might have known, the truths of the teachings of Christ.

"You know the history of vaccination—how its discoverer was persecuted and doomed to poverty. Alas! a sad story. For eighteen years I have been teaching and demonstrating the truth in this city. For six years a good minister has published several editions of the pamphlet which was first issued, and has been engaged in scattering them gratuitously quite extensively, and yet within a year, at Ocean Grove, I took care of two wealthy ladies from the city of Philadelphia, each with her fourth child, neither of whom had ever known of this comfort. A lady came all the way from Indiana for the express purpose of receiving this comfort in her confinement. Any physician in her home neighborhood could have administered it.

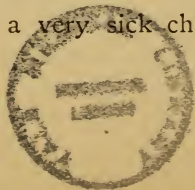
“How long must I teach at this rate? To-day this truth can almost be said to be like the Author of truth, having no place where to lay its head. The clergyman who published that pamphlet did not dare to let his name be known, lest his people should ‘hound’ him. I dare not issue the papers from my office in Philadelphia lest I be charged with advertising myself. But I say unto you, it shall have a habitation and a name more than local.

“I have at Ocean Grove a Hygienic Institute from whence I hope to teach this truth, meet inquiries, and issue evidences. Let but your paper suggest inquiries and I will see to it that these inquiries beget replies, that these replies beget faith, and faith beget knowledge and experience, which, when related, shall again beget inquiries and replies. Our foundation-stones are *Faith, Knowledge, Experience*.

“I have delivered to you my burden; will you give me your aid in the great purpose? Will you suggest to me how I may bring, or, rather, any way that this truth may be brought, to the knowledge of the public, and I am thy servant?

“And now, if you can still spare the time, I

will present two facts in support of the use of anæsthesia. When my eldest girl was two days in life she was taken with most awful convulsions—black. Dr. S—— was in attendance. He said she must die. I proposed chloroform. He replied, ‘Then you will kill her.’ I said, ‘Doctor, I will give it, and the child shall have the benefit of the doubt.’ He left me to attend to other professional duties. For fifty-two hours that babe slept under anæsthesia, only let up enough to swallow from a spoon what nourishment could be drawn from its mother’s breast. Upon every attempt to let up more spasms would onset. But the babe was saved. Six months thereafter it was taken again in the same way. A neighboring physician was called in in my absence. For three hours he labored; would not allow anæsthesia. I returned, and in a few minutes the child was asleep under the influence of chloroform. About three weeks afterward I met a medical friend who took me warmly by the hand and expressed his sorrow at my loss. ‘Why, doctor, I have had no loss.’ ‘Did you not lose a little babe?’ ‘No.’ ‘Why, you had a very sick child, had you not?’



‘Yes, doctor, but she is all right again.’
Surprise.

“Dr. H—— must have told him and made his prognosis, but anæsthesia saved the child.

“The fact is, dear doctor, we do not need to argue against the use of anæsthesia. Only let it be properly administered, and, if need be, let there be suitable legislation thrown around it; let us make sure that the switches are not misplaced. If you have taken the trouble to read this, I am thankful. If you have modified your views, I am thankful. If you will in any way let your paper teach this purpose of God toward woman, I shall bless the Lord in my heart of hearts, and with vigor anew work and win for the Master.

“I am truly yours,

“D. MILLER BARR, M.D.”

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND
INCIDENTS.

“ Quis bonus, aut face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala.”

“ Who can all sense of others' ills escape
Is but a brute at best in human shape.”

“ I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to mankind
foreign to my feelings.”—*Terence, Tr.*

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND INCIDENTS.

1. *The Physician.*

WE have purposely refrained in this book from almost every thing that comes within the sphere of the physician. In all cases it is at least supposable that he will be called to the bedside of the sick. And what a boon to humanity a wise, careful, attentive, sympathetic medical practitioner is! Not all the men who wear the title of doctor are of this stamp, but how many there are everywhere who are noble, skillful, religious, and, at the least, moral in the superlative degree. Such a physician is a public benefactor.

But then the medical practitioner may be a coarse man and yet at the same time be skillful in his profession. He may be kingly in his calling and yet be quite other than refined and sympathetic as a man. There is an old saying, "Bad man, but good priest." He may be bad man, but good doctor; then "more's the

pity." But he who comes into the sacred tabernacle of home, into this inner chamber of family life to minister to the sick, should be not less the scientific physician, but he should combine with these professional attainments all the sweet and tender graces of cultivated manhood. For a delicate and sensitive woman, especially, to be carried through the period of maternity by one, however learned and skillful, whose presence would not be agreeable ordinarily must be far from a desirable experience. Our physicians, as a rule, are men of culture, skilled in their profession, and of sympathetic natures, even though they spend their days under hardening influences. How much we all need them, or may need! How certainly they earn all the money they get! How surely they are entitled to the honor and respect of the people they serve!

We remember distinctly an old physician long since at rest. He had reached his "three-score and ten years;" his hair and long flowing beard were as white almost as the snows of winter. He was large in stature, six feet tall, and heavy in proportion; he was patriarchal in appearance. It was said that his very

presence in the sick-room was health-giving. It did not matter who was in need of his services ; it did not matter how cold the weather, or how hot ; whether mid-day or midnight, near-by or remote, unless absolutely hindered by his own sickness or that of his family, or by professional duties in some other direction, the call must be responded to. We have known him often to rise out of a warm bed away in the quiet hours of the night, if not in the “ wee small hours ” of the morning, in the dead of winter, dress himself, take his lantern, and go to the barn, saddle or harness his horse, and ride out over the hills in the dark, through deep mud or drifted snows, to carry relief, and, if possible, to bring back health to some poor mortal, and often when he could not hope to receive any remuneration for his services. When remonstrated with for doing such hard work at his time of life, he would say in reply, good-naturedly, “ O, this is my business—my life-work. To this I am devoted. I must do my duty by the sick.” It was not for money alone he did it, for at his death his estate, which, from his extensive practice running through many years, ought to have been large, was quite moderate.

Physicians are human; they may make mistakes, do make them often; for disease is frequently hidden, subtle, obscure; medicines do not act always with unvarying certainty; patients are not invariably careful to "follow the doctor's prescriptions," and then he is liable to be condemned for not doing impossible things, for not "working miracles;" next comes a "change of doctors." People should not do as the simple-minded woman did, who, after the doctor had given directions at what intervals to give the medicines, reasoned that if a little would do some good more certainly would do more good, and so gave all in one dose. The next morning the undertaker was needed, and not the doctor. There are instances, no doubt, when a change may be helpful; but we should be thoughtful, candid, appreciative. Select a good physician in the start, and retain him, unless compelled by circumstances to make a change. From long practice in a family he comes to know the constitution and idiosyncrasies, gets way-wise in the household, and if he be a true man, keeping step with the times as he should, he can serve you far better than a stranger. All

honor, then, to the honest skillful physician of whatever school.

2. *The Nurse.*

Nursing the sick, especially in the cities, has advanced in recent times to the dignity of a distinct profession. This is as it should be ; it is a most useful and honorable calling. As in medicine the so-called quack or charlatan is banished by statute in most of the enlightened countries, and forbidden to put in peril human life with his nostrums, and only they who have traversed the curriculum of the established schools of medicine can engage in this learned profession, so are we coming into a new era with respect to the profession of nursing. They are not required, like doctors and druggists, to have college diplomas, but in all cases where nurses, male or female, have gone through the "training-school," their qualifications for their work are far greater. The nurse supplements the physician ; he comes and goes ; he carries in his pocket a long list of patients upon whom he must call within a few hours, and therefore no one must monopolize much of his precious time. But

the presence in the sick-chamber of a competent nurse, who is faithful and conscientious, is re-assuring ; the physician knows his patient will be cared for in his absence, the medicines will be regularly administered, the symptoms carefully watched and recorded, and the outlook be far better for all. The vocation of the nurse is by no means an ordinary one. He or she, more frequently the latter, stands next to the doctor in the treatment and care of the sick. The work is by no means light and easy, the rest is broken, the air of the apartments not always the most agreeable to the lungs. Besides, patients are not only liable to be feeble, requiring to be lifted and moved about, but they are often nervous, fickle, and whimsical ; but this, while it may test the patience of the nurse, must be borne with—it comes with disease. Secure a competent trained nurse if you can ; if not, from any reason, then do the next best thing, rely on some friend who will spare no pains to do you good.

3. *Humor the Child.*

We do not mean spoil it by indulging its notions unnecessarily, but remember that it is a

child, and that a child has a playful nature. All young animals must have play-spells. The child is a young animal, and is not an exception to the rule. Some well-meaning people—a few—are so very precise and particular in their household regulations that “playthings” cannot be allowed—they are unsightly and must not be seen on the floors. Admitting that it may be overdone and so give a confused look to the room, yet it is better to err on that side if anywhere. We know of a family so scrupulously neat that the child-nature was fairly starved out; the children would stand on their tip-toes and, for want of any thing better, amuse themselves by playing with the door-knobs! That was neatness with a vengeance. We should expect such people to bind the legs of their calves and lambs with strong cords to the fence-posts to keep them quiet and orderly, and to cut off the kitten’s tail to prevent it from running around after it.

4. *Live and Learn.*

Some physicians, like some ministers, live in or rather on the past; they are not progressive; they read it all years ago, and think

they know it all. Young physicians sometimes make the mistake of depending too closely on what they learned as students. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Such a man can't be taught any thing. The old and skillful doctor is much more likely to look into things, and when he sees a good thing seize upon it and utilize it in the interest of his professional work. There is a sense in which a man knows far less at fifty than at twenty-five.

We have a case to cite which may serve as an illustration. A lady was approaching her second confinement, and was advised to employ Dr. —, who had the reputation of being the most skillful practitioner in this particular line in the city. In a thousand or more cases he had not lost a mother or child, which was remarkable. He was withal a most splendid specimen of man, a thorough Christian gentleman, and in general practice a leader, having had a quarter of a century's experience. She was determined to have anæsthesia after Dr. Barr's method, and cautiously made known this fact to her doctor. But he had not any special knowledge of this particular method, but stated that he was in the habit of adminis-

tering chloroform in "bad cases." The lady was, however, persistent, and Dr. —, though he at first held aloof a trifle, at last consented to please her, and gave assurance that her desires in the case should be granted. She had herself ordered the inhaler that there might not be any failure. It was indeed not to be wondered at that so eminent a practitioner should hesitate in complying with what seemed no doubt to be the mere whim of a woman, but he conceded the point; he could afford to do so, for he had nothing to lose, his reputation being so well established. When the time came the inhaler and the anæsthetic mixture were brought into speedy use. The whole process was over in a very brief space of time, and though a great eleven-pound boy was sent, it involved no suffering of the mother, and it lingers in her recollection like a dream. When told that all was over she could scarcely believe it; her first utterance was, "Praise the Lord!" for her heart's desire was fulfilled in her boy. The doctor remarked, "That went off about as nearly perfect as any thing I have ever seen." The mother, instead of a feeling of exhaustion, said she felt a sense of refreshment. The inhaler

went out of the house with the doctor, who said to us not long ago that he had used it in every case but one since that day. Medicine, like theology, is a progressive science, and all men can learn. Dr. Franklin said that he learned some valuable lessons from the unlettered blacksmith who shod his horse.

5. *Does Nature ever Err?*

Some time ago we met a lady on the street whose daughter was the mother of a babe then probably five or six months old. We inquired about her daughter and her child, and were told among other things that the babe was not brought up on a bottle, but a "tin cup." "Does she not nurse it?" we asked. "No," was the reply, "we feed it cold milk out of a cup." Nothing more was said. Now, why? That the mother, a healthy, fresh, young woman, whose supply of nature's food could only be abundant and of best quality, might have a freedom which a nursing-child would interfere with. What other excuse could there be? Now it is true such a child may live to grow up, and in after life have of course no recollection of its infancy; but why deny the little

creature this one sweet solace, its own mother's breast? What will so quickly soothe a child's heart into quietude and rest? What is there more tender than this relation? Can human beings improve on God's plan? Some people seem to think they have the ability to do so. The mother who repels from her bosom her child, unless she is compelled to do so by unfavorable conditions or circumstances, gives proof that her views of life and duty have been perverted. Nature does not make mistakes.

6. *A Babe's Griefs and Ills.*

It occurred to us, while we were preparing the manuscript of this book, that it would be incomplete if it omitted to offer something to alleviate the sufferings of the child as well as those of the mother. People often fail to enter fully into the sympathies of their children. They become indifferent to a child's grief because it is only a child, as if its ills were of no particular consequence. To grown-up people it may seem so, but to the little one it is far otherwise. We should avoid the extremes of too great indulgence on the one hand and too great strictness or indifference on the other.

On general principles we should try to make the child's life as happy as possible, for if it lives it will meet in time its full share of the world's tribulations.

A child is often spoken of as "cross" when it is sick; it can speak to us "with no language but a cry." It is powerless to locate its pains and sufferings, and we are left to guess and often to blunder. The doctor is frequently sent for when in his weariness he would greatly prefer to remain at home, and when a little study of the situation on the part of the parent would not only relieve the child, but save expense.

In our medical studies we were warned by our instructors against "quacks" and "nos-trums," and it was well, for much that is called medicine, put up in bottles and packages, sometimes elegantly, is not only useless, but positively and seriously harmful. And yet this cannot be affirmed of all.

We shall always be thankful that the celebrated *Hand's Remedies* for the little ones fell into our hands. One day a bottle of the *Colic Cure* and a small pamphlet setting forth the merits of the *Hand's Remedies* came to our

door. We read it, and saw that it contained a great deal of good instruction with reference to the care and treatment of children. We had a little fellow up-stairs who had joined the great colic brigade in good earnest, and so we at once ordered the *Colic Cure* from our druggist. "Seeing is believing." A dose or two and our boy was restful and quiet. The medicine did just what was promised in the advertisement.

We were told that the remedy would not harm the child, that at the first it would not like it, and then that it would, all of which we now affirm we found to be true. We have used it more or less for months, not for colic alone, but to soothe the fretted nerves. The mother has said many times, as she has looked into the face of her restful babe, "Blessings on good Dr. Hand," whom neither of us has ever seen to this day.

We have not had occasion to resort to all of the different *Hand's Remedies*, but have found the *Colic Cure*, *Chafing Powder*, *Cough and Croup Medicine*, and *Pleasant Physic* invaluable in our household. The *Cough and Croup Medicine* is superior for either child or adult.

These remedies are not only harmless, but they are not unpalatable. Ah, how well do we remember the time, and not very long ago either, when the dear children were held on their backs, their mouths pried open with spoon-handles, while nauseous drugs of one kind and another were forced down their little throats, amid cries and convulsive struggles! This is not a "ghost story," but a fact, and thousands remember it. The man who first caught the idea of making medicines pleasant to the taste, while preserving their potency, deserves a crown.

The pamphlet which accompanies each bottle of the different remedies is so full of good sense and science that it is worth to the average mother more than the price of the medicine. It has been our custom to preserve these booklets and to send them around among our neighbors with the injunction not to throw them into the waste-basket, but to read them and pass them on to the next one; and we have done this without the knowledge or consent of either Dr. Hand or the *Hand Medicine Company*—we did it for the weal of the dear babies.

A lady said to us recently that, if she were at liberty to devote her life to missionary work, she should go from house to house with these medicines for little suffering children; she would feel that, like her divine Master, she would be "going about doing good."

7. The Children's Hour.

We heard a lady say one day that it was in her mind to devise some way by which to earn the money to hire her general housework done, so that she might have more time for reading and other literary work. "But," she added, with considerable emphasis, "I will never hire some one to put my children to bed if I can help it." We thought that a very sensible remark. In the first place a mother's first duty is toward her child. She has wifely duties, social duties, church duties, and all that, but to her children she is bound by ties the most sacred imaginable. A servant or nurse can put the children to bed, it is true, and she may do it well, but some servants are not good, honest, patient; and so the dear child may be neglected in some way—frightened by ghost stories—injured; or it may be inducted into

some habit that will mar its whole after life. Don't charge this to our imagination. What has been may be again.

There is no more beautiful picture in this world than that of a mother tucking away in their beds her darlings, kissing them good-night, and breathing her evening blessings, then stealing softly away; and, unless hindered by sickness, no one else as a rule should take a mother's place here.

A child should always be put to bed happy. No matter what has occurred to require discipline, before the little one is sent away to dreamland let there be forgiveness and forgetfulness and tender expressions of love, else the child will not be happy—its sleep will not be sweet.

The Scotch have two words, the *dawin* and the *gloaming*—the morning and the evening twilight hours. Children generally disturb our *dawin* naps. They are anxious to be at their play. In the gloaming, again, they need a play-spell; all young animals and birds must have a romp before going to rest. The child needs not less its evening play-spell. Let there be a special children's hour—let it be in the "gloaming."

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the children's hour."

So wrote our poet Longfellow.

There lingers in our recollection the memory of an incident we once read, the account of which is in place here. It was written by the heart-broken mother, who related it as a warning to all other mothers in the matter of making threats. Her child had committed a misdemeanor of some sort, and as a punishment she denied the usual good-night kiss. The little girl's tender nature thus received a cruel shock, and she begged again and again, "Please, mamma, O please kiss me!" But, though the maternal heart would gladly have embraced the little one and bestowed the longed-for kiss, yet as she had distinctly said she would not, she felt that her word must be kept, and remained firm. And so the anguish-tossed little soul on its bed finally fell sobbing to sleep. But sleep did not bring rest to the grieved heart; she became feverish and ill; delirium followed, in which over and over she would call out, "O, mamma! please, please kiss me!"

The kisses now showered upon the little face received no response, for she was unconscious, and remained so until she passed to where the shadows never fall upon the spirit. O, the sorrowful cry of that mistaken mother! Beware what threats you make to children; they are seldom carried out, and if they are the effect may be dangerous.

THE HOME.

"Leave then the gaudy mansions of the great ;
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make a solid bliss your own
To kings and favorites of kings unknown."—*Horace, Tr.*

"Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In search of happiness which dwells at home,
With vain pursuits fatigued at length you'll find
No place excludes it from an equal mind."—*Unknown.*

"Art thou a man—a patriot? Look around;
Oh ! thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam
That land thy country and that spot thy home."
—*English Poet.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME.

THERE is no word in any language around which cluster so many associations and memories as gather about that one little word "home." The impressions which the home-life stamps upon the soul are hard to efface. People grow old, acquire new languages, live in new lands, and forget even the friends of their earlier years, but they carry with them to their graves memories of their homes. And it does not matter whether these homes were amid wealth or poverty, coarseness, or refinement, homes good or evil, they are never quite forgotten. The most potent factor in the formation of character is the home-life, either directly or in its reactions. Out of homes ruled by love and holy wisdom have come most of our great and good men and women, and when some men have grown up reckless and vicious, and in their madness and folly have leaped all decent bounds, the very last anchor they have

dragged, the last cable they have been able to snap has been the home-memory, which lingers in the recollection "like unto the benediction which follows after prayer." Mention the word "home," and how quickly one's thoughts are borne away to some other place—to some distant city or state, or nation beyond the sea, and there will come up to view other scenes than those that surround us now. There, in imagination, is the old homestead, the garden with its winding paths fringed with flowers planted by a mother's hand. There are the vine-clad hills up whose sloping sides you clambered when youthful ambitions stirred the heart; and there, too, is the old orchard beneath whose blossom-freighted boughs you reclined during many a sultry summer hour. Yonder is the meadow amid whose verdure you reveled, giving rein to fancies which possibly maturer years have not realized. Not less do you remember the form and manly step of father, the tender voice of mother, the ringing laugh of brother, sister, friend. Thus do we find ourselves roaming through memory's picture-galleries and held spell-bound and tearful before some spot hallowed in our

recollections, or some face the memory of which almost makes us wish we were young again.

There is something very human about this word home. The only being in all the earth that seeks a home, that appreciates, or understands the import of the word is man. The lion has his lair in the dense jungle, the fox his hole in the ground, the bear seeks his retreat in the rock-cavern, the eagle builds her nest amid the crags of the mountain; but these are not homes. Home is something more than a retreat or shelter. It means much in the world's life. It is when we reach mind and heart that the home idea becomes prominent and the home provision is made.

We can scarcely determine the exact boundary-line which separates between instinct and reason; they seem at least to almost come together. The lowest reason verges down on animal instinct, while the highest instinct is very like reason. Instinct is short-lived. A brute mother will show signs of genuine mourning for her dead young a few days, and then the sorrow is forgotten forever; but human sorrow lasts because human love lives

on through the years, and many a mother after the lapse of twenty summers can still feel the dimpled hand of her darling baby on her cheek. Even twenty years of average life have not dimmed that tender recollection or blurred the picture of that baby face. But wherefore all this? We answer, because human beings have that which the animal has not—soul.

There are two words closely allied to each other, namely, “home” and “family;” they imply each other and have almost a common meaning. In the very beginning of history it was ordained of God that man should not be alone. Fellowship, close companionship, are necessities of our highest and best nature. The oldest history we have on this subject says, when the family was instituted and society began to be, that the man left his father and mother to cleave unto his wife, and that they became one flesh. But in these latter days the order seems to be reversed. She leaves her father and mother and cleaves to the man, and he often goes far astray, greatly to her sorrow.

We naturally turn to the Bible as our best guide on this subject.

It was back here in these remote times that the home was planned and the family first organized. The family, not the individual, is the unit of society. The doctrine which makes the individual instead of the family the prime factor in the society of the world is a false and ruinous one. The abrogation of the family, from whatever cause, would be the direst calamity which could befall the race. Social communion would be social ruin. Every interest of human life hinges upon this question of marriage and family.

The foundation of the family is love, as an active principle, intense, beautiful, eternal. The love passion is the foundation of the social fabric, and the family is the home of love. It is the highest, holiest, divinest instinct in human nature; yes, and the loftiest and grandest principle in the universe. "All the world admires a lover," wrote Emerson; the remark is true. There are very few people in whose hearts this divine flame has not burned at some time in life. Again, Emerson has said, "Love is the enchantment of human life, which, like a certain divine rage, pledges man to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with a

new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanency to society."

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

It is not too much to say that the great government exists to foster and protect the love-life of the people, for the love-life is the real home-life. This love is the basis of the home. The army exists to protect the home, and so to defend the love of the home. The legislature in all of its acts should conserve the home-life of the citizens of the State. Every public officer of city, state, or nation, from policeman to president, means home protection. All of the industries point to this end. The field is plowed for the sake of home; all the arts and industries mean home. Banish home and the love which builds it and binds it, and the incentives to industry are gone. Let us hang out here a danger-signal. Home is not unfrequently sacrificed to the money-god—laid

on the altar of Mammon. A gentleman once said in our presence that his business was so pressing that he scarcely ever saw his own children, excepting on Sabbath morning. Such a man may get rich, but he does it at the cost of that which is better than money—home-life and family.

What is home? It is not a house on some street or farm. Home cannot be bounded by four square walls or located by the surveyor's compass and chain. We can purchase lands and houses, but we cannot buy a *home*. People often strain every nerve to build a costly box, and then fill it with expensive furniture, as if that made home. A marble palace may be a den, a very prison, a hell, while a mere cabin, unpainted and unpictured, may be a very heaven. The house may be the center of activities by day and a shelter by night, but it does not create the home. Rather the home creates the house. The home spirit crystallizes about it this outward material form.

A home includes a number of elements: there is the house-band—the strong arm and the stronger will which binds this together, holds it up, supports it. At least, that is the

divine order. We have shortened the old-fashioned word into our *husband*.

Then there is the weaver, or wife, for she was so named in the long ago when these words were being coined. Then her deft hand carded the wool, and broke the flax, and literally wove the cloth in the loom out of which the garments of the family were made. She is not so generally in these days a weaver in the literal sense, and yet she weaves. The true wife gathers up the tangled threads of every-day life in her home. She is, when true, a patient burden-bearer, a willing servant, a prudent manager, a wise counselor, a careful economist, ever gathering up the fragments that nothing may be lost, and as a true woman and wife brings honor and comfort to her husband, and weaves a most beautiful life-web.

Man's place is the great outside world, woman's the equally great inside world. He is the natural head of the family. She is the natural heart. If the head is needed to create the material home, the heart is equally needed to create the spiritual home. These relations are reciprocal and mutual.

We have said that pure love is the inspiration of the home-life. You may have marble and mahogany, paintings and pianos, velvet and vertu, silver and gold, tapestry and lace, and all these, but if you have not purity and love which fill the heart, it is not home in the high true sense of the word—it is only a shelter, a place to stay.

“There is nothing on earth worthy to be compared with a genuine love. There is no other possession that can give by itself unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed amid luxuries and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love of wife, husband, child, succeeds in the highest sense, even though haunted by that restlessness which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been reared in a home without love in the days of childhood, without the love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without love of that romantic sort which makes a heaven of earth; and to live on in mature years neither feeling nor inspiring that strong enduring love which makes any toil a pleasure and any bur-

den light so that it benefits the well beloved, is to be poor indeed, so poor that even the pitying angels have no alms to bestow upon them.

“And yet how many know nothing of love or who understand the word only in its coarsest and lowest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in such a presence. Still how many more purer than these sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and, one may hope, even burning on beyond it, since heaven itself is love.”

How many find in themselves a tendency to forget, to lose all recollection of the good old times. We burn up the old letters written when hearts were warm and true, before the cares of life had choked the good and growing wheat of pure affection. Men grow stern and stiff and often cold. Life ceases to be a garden of flowers freighting the air with sweet aroma; it becomes a battle-field. Business presses, men succumb to its behests, and carry their ledgers and bank-books with them to the dinner-

table. His brow becomes wrinkled ; the rose fades from her cheek—alas !

Some one has said, that the world is full of kindness which has never been spoken ; perhaps so, but to us an unspoken kindness is a contradiction. That is only kindness in theory. We believe in theories, but a theoretical sun would not warm the earth, melt the snows, and bring out the spring daisies and butter-cups. A theoretical furnace would not warm one's house in winter, nor the chemical formula of water quench thirst. Like every other good, to be beneficial this principle must be active. Love, alert, active, and outspoken, is what makes parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives happy. If it is kept a secret it might as well not exist, for no one is made any happier by it. Love is only love when voiced in the life of the lover.

No step in life is fraught with so much importance as that which binds together a man and woman for life, and yet no one is taken in multitudes of cases so recklessly. There is no study of each other, and possibly no adaptability. Temperaments are not thought of ; the laws which should regulate in the matter are trampled

under foot. Money, however important, is not a true basis; appearance may play a part, but it should not decide. Many a dear girl has married a man whom she knew to be any thing but good because of his professions of affection. But the flame has died out on the hearth-stone of home before many years have passed away, and beside it there sits one that has disappointed all her hopes, one she cannot follow as a wife should follow her husband, unless she has chosen the pathway which leads from despair to perdition, and few are the women who make such choice. Marriage is a solemn step—a choice for life, not for a day or a year.

Woman may have as much brain as man, and often more; if it is less in weight it is of finer texture. She may be his equal, to say the least, but the quality which especially distinguishes womankind and is at once the source of greatest weakness or greatest strength is her heart-life. Man's life is more varied than woman's. Her life is often monotonous; she treads the domestic wheel in its ceaseless and unvarying revolutions; the same duties run the year through with most women. But let her

heart have the food it craves, the love of her chosen one, and she will sing her song and be always happy. Deny her this priceless boon, and though she may continue to tread the wheel there will be no song in her heart unless it be a dirge, and not much sunshine in her life.

Home life and home comforts are made up of little things. Some one has said, "The road to home happiness lies over many small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families." An old proverb says that "the prick of a pin is enough to make an empire insipid." The tenderer the feelings the more painful the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossoms of the dearest love as the most delicate tendrils of the vine are torn by the breeze. If the true history of feuds and quarrels, public and private, were written they would be silenced by an uproar of derision.

It is said that when the great Thorwaldsen returned to his native land with those rare and wonderful works of art which have made his name immortal, chiseled with patient toil and glowing inspiration in Italy, the servants who unpacked them scattered upon the

ground the straw which was wrapped about them. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen from seeds thus borne and planted by accident; so may gentle words spoken casually in the home circle set flowers of love to blooming there.

Nowhere are the "small sweet courtesies" of life more in place than in the home; and yet both men and women, who in society are very affable, may be indifferent at home. To be happy at home should be the result of all ambition—the end to which every enterprise and labor tend, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. "It is, indeed, in the home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtues or felicity, for smiles and embroideries are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence." Home, of all places, is where people should be polite, attentive, tender. A quaint old poet wrote:

"Keep your undressed familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend—
Her most whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end."

That was a beautiful saying of Rev. F. W. Robertson: "Do not keep the alabaster-box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are in their graves. Fill their lives with sweetness while you can; speak approving, cheering, and courteous words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them." Many a man goes through the world sad because he cannot undo the acts which sent his wife broken-hearted to the grave. So the things you mean to say of your friends when they are gone say to them before they go. The flowers you send to brighten and cheer them while they are living need not lessen your offerings on their burial-day. Home is every thing to us; it is the realm of childhood, and children do not remain with us very long. They soon grow up and pass to homes of their own, or perchance die, and we bury them; the childhood world is a vanishing. Home is a school where we are ever learning the lessons of life that are never to be forgotten. It is not without its trials and sorrows.

The following, from the pen of another, fairly illustrates what may come to any of us: "The

shadows of misfortune often fall on a household—unforeseen, unavoidable. When health fails, and the resources of the family have grown less and less, when the luxuries of life are not to be thought of, and the comforts of life mock at you from the gayly dressed windows of store and shop, when you must deny yourself even the necessities—deny yourself, did we say? ah! me, that were easy. But when the loving, patient wife, or the tender, industrious husband is laid upon a couch of suffering, possibly, and the food needed for the proper nourishment of the body cannot be procured, and then, added to all this, the sweet innocent faces of little children look up into your own confidingly, asking, ‘Mamma, papa, may I have an apple?’ and with grieved heart the fond parent must devise some way to turn the child’s thought in another direction and cause it to forget that there is such a thing in the world as an apple, knowing all the time that God has crowned the year with plenty, that there are bushels and bushels of apples, luscious and golden, left possibly to decay on the ground beneath the tree boughs of many a farmer’s orchard.

“When a trifle of money would supply warm flannels for the sweet babe who crows and laughs even in the midst of poverty; when to her own bitter sorrow the mother’s nourishment for her child grows thin and insufficient through lack of wholesome and hearty food, and the little one grows restless and feverish, and moans and begs because its hunger is not fully satisfied.

“When one suddenly finds that Christmas day may be the saddest one in all the year, because the little gifts costing only a trifle, with which the stores abound, must be hurried by with only a greedy look and a heart cry—not noticed by the outside world—for the few pennies must be hoarded with which to purchase that which sustains life itself; when one cannot afford to employ a servant, and the labor of the day presses far into the night, and then when the flying moments give only time to accomplish what must be done, in desperation the faithful wife snatches some of these precious moments in which to try and earn a few paltry dollars to add to the ever-vanishing store of money earned by the dear husband who toils and toils, finding reward only in the love of wife and children.

“How then can we be cheerful, alas! It will not be strange if in the silence of her room at night scalding tears force themselves to the mother’s eyelids, but even that relief for the overwrought soul must be subdued, dark forebodings must not be indulged, for it will cause the dear babe to be more restless still, and, besides, it will not help matters any; and she must not appear before the dear ones with dejected countenance, nor allow hasty and impatient words to the children to find utterance. No, no; but the merry song must be forced to the lips; the face must be taught to smile, though the heart seem almost ready to break beneath it. Thank Heaven, there is a refuge for the burdened heart! Many a promise may be called to memory, though there may not be time to read them; among them such as these: ‘For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.’ ‘Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.’ Hope will not forsake us, but be our support in the day

of deepest affliction. Life's most valuable lessons are learned when we are passing along sorrowful pathways, and the future may clearly show us that the darkest hours of life were but the signs of brighter ones and in God's ordering the needful preparation for some special mission of God."

While the word "home" means the inner spiritual life of the occupants, yet it has its physical aspects. The material house and the immaterial home are somewhat related to each other, as the body and the soul, the one incloses the other.

Viewing it, then, from the material side, if you wish your home to be really a happy one let in the sunshine, the golden and beautiful light of the skies literally. Don't live in the dark and gloom if you can help it. Let in the light through door and window, that it may dispel the damp and malaria and blues! And let the light of the skies, the sweet soft sunlight, be a symbol of that other light of cheerfulness which is the sunlight of the home. Well has it been said, "There was never a stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across

its turbid tides would not wake an answering gleam." The house cannot always be built on elevated ground, but it can be built on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity so high that no shadows rest on it, and when the morning comes so early and the evening tarries so late that the day is made up of golden hours. Some people make the fearful and fatal mistake of building in the deep valleys of distrust and worry and nervous anxiety, where the nights are longest and the days shortest and the golden hours never come. Alas! how can we help it? for life must needs have its trials and shadows. But as the watcher waits wearily for the first faint streaks of the dawn, so let us wait and hope and trust and pray for the better day.

THE END.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

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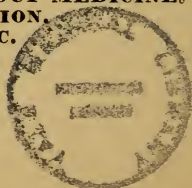
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